

Songs of Praise to Almighty God, upon
several Occasions.

I. A general Song of Praise to Almighty
God.

(1.)

HOW shall I Sing that Majesty
Which Angels do admire?
Let Dust in Dust and Silence lye,
Sing, Sing, ye Heavenly Quire.
Thousands of Thousands stand around
Thy Throne, O God, most High;
Ten Thousand times Ten Thousand sound
Thy Praise; but who am I;

(2.)

Thy Brightness unto them appears
Whilst I thy Footstep trace;
A Sound of God comes to my Ears;
But they Behold thy Face.
They Sing because thou art their Sun;
Lord, send a Beam on me;
For where Heav'n is but once begun,
There Hallelujahs be.

A 3

(3.)



Songs of Praise

(3.)

Enlighten with Faith's Light my Heart,
Enflame it with Love's Fire,
Then shall I sing and bear a part
With that Celestial Quire.
I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
With all my Fire and Light :
Yet when thou dost accept their Gold,
Lord Treasure up my Mite.

(4.)

How great a Being, Lord, is thine,
Which doth all Beings keep !
Thy Knowledge is the only Line
To sound so vast a Deep.
Thou art a Sea without a Shore,
A Sun without a Sphere,
Thy Time is now and evermore,
Thy Place is every where.

(5.)

How good art thou whose Goodness is
Our Parent, Nurse and Guide ;
Whose Streams do water Paradise,
And all the Earth beside !
Thine Upper and Thy Nether Springs
Make both thy Worlds to thrive :
Under thy warm and sheltering Wings
Thou keep'st two Broods alive.

(6.)

to Almighty God.

(6.)

Thy Arm of Might, most mighty Ki
Both Rocks and Hearts doth break.
My God, thou canst do every thing
But what would shew thee Weak.
Thou canst not cross thy self, or be
Less than thy self, or poor;
But whatsoever pleaseth Thee
That canst thou do, and more.

(7.)

Who would not fear thy Searching Eye,
Witness to all that's true?
Dark Hell and deep Hypocrisie
Lye plain before its view.
Motions and Thoughts before they grow
Thy Knowledge doth espy,
What unborn Ages are to do,
Is done before thine Eye.

(8.)

Thy Wisdom, which both makes and mends,
We ever much admire:
Creation all our Wit transcends;
Redemption rises higher.
Thy Wisdom guides stray'd Sinners home,
'Twill make the dead World rise,
And bring those Prisoners to their Doom:
Its Paths are Mysteries.

Songs of Praise

(9.)

thy Truth, and shall prevail
Unbelievers shame;
Truth and Years do never fail;
Thou ever art the same.
Unbelief is a Raging Wave,
Dashing against a Rock,
If God doth not his *Israel* save,
Then let *Egyptians* mock.

(10.)

Most pure and Holy are thine Eyes,
Most Holy is thy Name;
Thy Saints, and Laws, and Penalties,
Thy Holiness proclaim.
This is the Devil's Scourge and Sting,
This is the Angels Song,
Who Holy, Holy, Holy Sing,
In Heavenly *Canaan's* Tongue.

(11.)

Mercy, that shining Attribute,
The Sinner's Hope and Plea!
Huge Hosts of Sins in their Pursuit
Are drown'd in thy Red Sea:
Mercy is God's Memorial,
And in all Ages prais'd;
My God, thine only Son did fall,
That Mercy might be rais'd,

(12.)

to Almighty God.

5

(12.)

Thy bright Back-parts, O God of Grace,
I Humbly here Adore;
Shew me thy Glory and thy Face,
That I may praise Thee more.
Since none can see thy Face and live,
For me to die is best;
Thro' *Jordan's* Streams who would not dive
To Land at *Canaan's* Rest?

Another.

(1.)

WHat shall I render to my God
For all his Gifts to me?
Sing Heav'n and Earth, rejoice and praise
His Glorious Majesty.
Bright Cherubims, sweet Seraphims;
Praise Him with all your might:
Praise, praise Him, all ye Hosts of Heav'n,
Praise him ye Saints in Light.

(2.)

Ye blessed Patriarchs praise the Lord,
For his First-fruits are ye;
Bless'd Prophets, who dreamt here of God,
Praise Him, who now you see,
Offer to God, ye Glorious Priests,
Your Sacrifice of Praise;
Sweet Psalmist, now your Hearts are fixt,
Your Tuneful Voices raise.

(3.)

(3.)

Ye Twelve Apostles of the Lamb,
 Who here proclaim'd your King,
 And fill'd this World with Holy Sounds,
 Loud Hallelujahs sing.
 Triumphant Martyrs ye did fight,
 And fighting ye did fall,
 And falling ye took up a Crown:
 Crown Him who Crown'd you all.

(4.)

Praise, praise Him; all ye saved Ones,
 From whom Salvation came;
 Praise Him that sits upon the Throne,
 And praise the Glorious Lamb.
 Praise, praise Him, all ye Saints below,
 Praise Him both East and West:
 Praise Him, all ye baptized Lands,
 Praise whom you have profess'd.

(5.)

O praise Him, all ye Crowned Heads,
 That own the Christian Name:
 Praise Him, who is the King of Kings,
 Raise and enlarge his Fame.
 Praise Him, all Christian Magistrates,
 Gain Credit to his Ways:
 Praise Him, ye Ministers of God,
 Teach others Him to praise.

(6.)

Praise Him our Famous Christian Isle,
 Praise Him with one accord:

Let

to Almighty God.

7.

Let every Tongue, let every Tribe
Be taught to praise the Lord.
Praise Him, my Friends and Kindred all,
O praise him all your Days ;
My Mind and Heart, my Lip and Life,
Join to Advance his Praise.

(7.)

O let me praise thee whilst I live,
And praise thee when I die,
And praise thee when I rise again,
And to Eternity.
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The Father sent his Son ;
The Son sends forth the Holy Ghost,
For Mens Salvation.

(8.)

Mysterious Depths of Endless Love
Our Admirations raise,
My God, thy Name exalted is
Far above all our Praise.

III. *A Song of Praise for Creation.*

(1.)

THOU wast, O God : And thou wast Ble
Before the World begun ;
Of thine Eternity Possess
Before Time's Glass did run.
Thou needest none thy Praise to sing,
As if thy Joy Could fade :

Could

Song of Praise

Could'st thou have needed any thing,
Thou could'st have nothing made.

(2.)

Great and Good God, it pleas'd Thee
Thy Godhead to declare ;
And what thy Goodness did decree,
Thy Greatness did prepare :
Thou spak'st, and Heav'n and Earth appear'd
And answer'd to thy Call ;
As if their Maker's Voice they heard,
Which is the Creatures *ALL*.

(3.)

Thou spak'st the Word, most mighty Lord,
Thy Word went forth with speed ;
Thy Will, O Lord, it was thy Word,
Thy Word it was thy Deed.
Thou brought'st forth *Adam* from the *Ground*,
And *Eve* out of his Side ;
Thy Blessing made the Earth abound,
With these Two multiply'd.

(4.)

Those three great Leaves, *Heav'n*, *Sea* and *Land*,
Thy Name in Figures show ;
Brutes feel the Bounty of thy Hand,
But I my Maker know.
Should not I here thy Servant be,
Whose Creatures serve me here ?
My Lord, whom should I fear but Thee,
Who am thy Creatures Fear ?

(5.)

(5.)

To whom, Lord, should I Sing, but Thee
 The Maker of my Tongue !
 Lo ! Other Lords would seize on me,
 But I to Thee belong.
 As Waters haste unto their Sea,
 And Earth unto its Earth ;
 So let my Soul return to Thee,
 From whom it had its Birth.

(6.)

But Ah ! I'm fallen in the Night,
 And cannot come to thee ;
 Yet speak the Word, *Let there be Light*,
 It shall Enlighten me :
 And let thy Word, most Mighty Lord,
 Thy Fallen Creature raise ;
 O make me o'er again, and I
 Shall Sing my Maker's Praise.

IV. *A Song of Praise for Preservation.*

(1.)

THou Lord, who raised'st *Heaven and Earth*
 Dost make thy Building stand ;
 The Weight whereof doth wholly rest
 On thine Almighty Hand.
 Should'st thou withdraw thy Hand of Might
 The Earth would quit its Place ;
 The shining Heaven would vanish freight
 Into meer Empty Space.

(2.)

(2.)

For as that Liquor's Scent remains
 Which first the Cask did fill ;
 So Feeble Creatures hold the Scent
 Of their First Nothing still :
 Lord, what is Man, that Child of Pride,
 That boasts his High Degree ?
 If one poor moment he be left,
 He sinks, and where is he ?

(3.)

In Thee I live, and move, and am ;
 Thou deal'st me out my Days ;
 As thou renew'st my Being, Lord,
 Let me renew thy Praise.
 From thee I am, through thee I am,
 And for thee I must be ;
 'Tis better for me not to live
 Than not to live to thee.

(4.)

My God, thou art my Glorious Sun,
 By whose bright Beams I shine ;
 As thou, Lord, ever art with me,
 Let me be ever thine.
 Thou art my Living Fountain, Lord,
 Whose Streams on me do flow ;
 My self I render unto thee,
 To whom my self I owe.

(5.)

As thou Lord, an Immortal Soul
 Hast breathed into me ;

So

So let my Soul be breathing forth
Immortal thanks to thee.

V. *A Song of Praise for Provision.*

(1.)

Come, let us praise our Master's Hand
Which gives us Daily Bread;
Thy House, my Lord, is full of Guests,
Thy Table richly spread:
Earth is thy Table, where thy Guests
Do daily sit and feed;
Thy Hand Carves every one his Part,
And suffers none to Need.

(2.)

Naked came I into the World,
And nothing with me brought;
And nothing have I here deserv'd,
Yet have I lacked Nought.
✓ I do not bless my Labouring Hand,
My Labouring Head or Chance;
'Thy Providence, most Gracious God,
Is mine Inheritance.

(3.)

Thy Bounty gives me Bread with Peace,
A Table free from Strife;
Thy Blessing is the Staff of Bread,
Which is the Staff of Life.
The People sate in Companies,
My Saviour fed them all;

So all the Families of the Earth
Have Tables in God's Hall.

(4.)

The Vine and Olive Branches too
Are Nourish'd by thy Care;
Mercies we eat, Mercies we drink,
Mercies we daily wear.
Shall I repine against my God
That kept me all my Days?
Then let my Tongue forget to taste,
When it forgets to praise.

VI. *A Song of Praise for Protection.*

(1.)

MY God, my only Help and Hope,
My strong and sure Defence:
For all my Safety and my Peace
I bless thy Providence.
The daily Favours of my God
I cannot Sing at large;
Yet let me make this Holy Boast,
I am th' Almighty's Charge.

(2.)

Lord, in the Day, thou art about
The Paths wherein I tread;
And in the Night, when I lye down,
Thou art about my Bed.
I travel through the Wilderness,
Free from the Beasts of Prey;

The Wolves and Lions Mouths are stopp'd,
The Serpents creep away.

(3.)

In Preservation God Creates,
Delivers in Protection;
Lord, every Moment of my Life
Is like a Resurrection.
A thousands Deaths I daily 'scape,
I pass by many a Pit,
I Sail by many dreadful Rocks,
Where others have been split.

(4.)

I see blind People with mine Eyes,
To Hospitals I walk,
I hear of them that cannot hear,
And of the Dumb I talk.
Lord, what am I that thou should'st shew
Such Favour unto me?
My Bones and Senses all must say,
Lord, who is like to thee?

VII. *A Song of Praise for Health.*

(1.)

Health is a Jewel dropt from Heav'n,
Which Mony cannot buy,
The Life of Life, the Bodies Peace,
And pleasant Harmony.
Lord, who hath Tun'd my outward Man.
To such a lively Frame,

Skrew up my Heart-strings all, to make
Sweet Melody to thy Name.

(2.)

Whilst others in God's Prisons lye,
Bound with Afflictions Chains
I walk at large, secure and free
From Sicknes and from Pains.
Their Life is Death, their Language groans,
Their Meat is Juice of Galls;
Their Friends, but strangers; wealth but want;
Their Houses, Prison-walls.

(3.)

Their earnest Cries do pierce the Skies,
And shall I silent be?
Lord, were I sick, as I am well,
Thou should'st have heard from me.
The Sick have not more cause to pray,
Than I to praise my King :
Since Nature teaches them to groan,
Let Grace teach me to sing.

(4.)

I see my Friends, I taste my Meat,
I'm free for mine Employ :
But when I do enjoy my God,
Then I my self enjoy.
Lord, who dost set me on my Feet,
Direct me in thy ways:
O Crown thy Gift of Health with Grace,
And turn it to thy Praise.

VIII. A song of Praise for Family-Prosperity.

(1.)

THy Blessing, Lord, doth multiply
 One *Jacob* to Two Bands,
 One Person to a Family,
 Which through thy Blessing stands.
 On all my Flocks both great and small
 Thy Sun doth sweetly Shine;
 Thy fruitful Drops do gently fall
 On every Branch of mine.

(2.)

Thy Blessing made the Loaves to grow,
 And Multitudes were fed:
 My House is fill'd and feasted too;
 It is an House of Bread.
 How can I hear my Children Sing,
 And not Sing unto thee?
 Since they glad News from Heav'n do bring,
 My God must hear from me.

(3.)

Mine Olive Branches and my Vine
 Thrive by my Table's Side,
 Whilst others wither and decline,
 Who in Death's Shade abide.
 With Cov'nant Blood my Posts are Red,
 'Tis on my Lintle found;
 And Lo! The Line of Scarlet Thread
 Is on my Window bound.

(4.)

'Tis not, my God, my self alone,
 But mine, to Thee I owe;
 Thou mad'st me many out of one,
 So let thy Praises grow.
 Whatever, Lord, is done to thine,
 Thou count'st it done to thee:
 And whatsoever's done to mine.
 I count it done to me.

(5.)

Let me be ever good to thine,
 Who art so good to me!
 Let thine be mine, and mine be thine,
 And they twice mine shall be;
 Then shall my House a Temple be,
 Then I and mine shall Sing
Hosanna's to thy Majesty,
 And praise our Heavenly King,

IX. *A Song of Praise for good Success in
 honest Affairs.*

(1.)

IS not the Hand of God in this?
 Is not this End divine?
 Lord of Success, Thee will I bless,
 Who on my Path's do'st shine.
 I Reap the Fruit of God Divine,
 By him it was foreseen;

He thought of this as well as I,
Or it had never been.

(2.)

I Blindly guess'd but he foreknew,
I wish'd, he did command ;
Wherefore I praise his careful Eye,
And his unerring Hand.
The Bow is drawn by feeble Arms,
Aim taken in the Dark,
A Providential Hand doth Guide
The Arrow to the Mark,

(3.)

Except the Lord the City keep,
The Watchmen will be slain ;
Except the Lord do build the House,
The Builder builds in vain.
Buildings are *Babels*, Cities Heaps,
When thou send'st *Curse* or *Flame* ;
And labouring Heads that promise Fruit,
Oft bring forth Wind and Shame.

(4.)

But thou hast *Crown'd* my Actions, *Lord*,
With good Success to Day ;
This Crown, together with my self,
At thy Blest Feet I lay
Lord, who art pleas'd to prosper me,
To bless me in my Ways ;
Prosper my weak endeavouring Heart,
Which aimeth at thy Praise.

X. *A Song of Praise for the Morning.*

(1.)

MY God was with me all this Night,
 And gave me sweet Repose;
 My God did watch even whilst I slept,
 Or I had never rose:
 How many groan'd and wish'd for Sleep
 Until they wish'd for Day,
 Meas'ring slow Hours with their quick Pains,
 Whilst I securely lay !

(2.)

Whilst I did sleep, all Dangers slept,
 No Thieves did me affright;
 Those Evening Wolves, those Beasts of Prey,
 Disturbers of the Night.
 No raging Flames nor Storms did rend
 The House that I was in;
 I heard no dreadful Cries without,
 No doleful Groans within.

(3.)

What Terrors have I 'scap'd this Night,
 Which have on others fell ;
 My Body might have slept it's last,
 My Soul have wak'd in Hell.
 Sweet Rest hath gain'd that Strength to me
 Which Labour did devour:
 My Body was in Weakness fown;
 But it is rais'd in Power.

(4.)

Lord, for the Mercies of the Night
 My humble Thanks I pay,
 And unto thee I dedicate
 The First-fruits of the Day,
 Let this Day praise Thee, O my God,
 And so let all my Days:
 And O let mine Eternal Day
 Be thine Eternal Praise.

XI. *A Song of Praise for the Evening.*

(1.)

NOW from the Altar of my Heart
 Let incense Flames arise;
 Assist me, Lord, to offer up
 Mine Evening Sacrifice.
 Awake, my Love; Awake, my Joy;
 Awake my Heart and Tongue;
 Sleep not; when Mercies loudly call,
 Break forth into a Song.

(2.)

Man's Life's a Book of History,
 The Leaves thereof are Days,
 The Letters Mercies closely join'd,
 The Title is thy Praise.
 This Day God was my Sun and Shield,
 My keeper and my Guide;
 His Care was on my Frailty shewn,
 His Mercies multiply'd.

(3.)

Minutes and Mercies multiply'd,
 Have made up all this Day ;
 Minutes came quick, but Mercies were
 More fleet and free than they.
 New Time, new Favour, and new Joys,
 Do a new Song require ;
 Till I shall praise Thee as I would,
 Accept my Heart's desire.

(4.)

Lord of my Time, whose Hand hath set
 New Time upon my Score ;
 Then, shall I praise for all my Time,
 When Time shall be no more.

XII. *A Song of Praise for the Birth of Christ.*

(1.)

A Way dark thoughts ; awake my Joy ;
 Awake, my Glory, Sing ;
 Sing Songs to Celebrate the Birth
 Of *Jacob's* God and King.
 O happy Night that brought forth Light,
 Which makes the Blind to see !
 The day-Spring from on High came down
 To Cheer and Visit Thee,

(2.)

The wakeful Shepherds near their Flocks
 Were watchful for the Morn ;
 But better News from Heav'n was brought
 Your Saviour Christ is Born.

In *Bethlem*-Town the Infant lyes,
 Within a place obscure;
 O Little *Bethlem*, poor in Walls,
 But rich in Furniture!

(3.)

Since Heaven is now come down to Earth,
 Hither the Angels fly!
 Hark how the Heav'nly Quire doth Sing,
Glory to God on High.
 The News is spread, the Church is glad,
Simeon o'er-come with Joy,
 Sings with the Infant in his Arms.
Now let thy Servant die.

(4.)

Wise Men from far beheld the Star,
 Which was their faithful Guide,
 Until it pointed forth the Babe,
 And him they glorified.
 Do Heaven and Earth Rejoice and Sing,
 Shall we our Christ deny?
 He's Born for us, and we for Him;
Glory to God on High.

XIII. A Song of Praise for Christ..

(1.)

I'VE found the Pearl of greatest price,
 My Heart doth Sing for Joy;
 And Sing I must, a Christ I have,
 O what a Christ have I?

Chri

Christ is the Way, the Truth and Life,
 The Way to God and Glory;
 Life to the Dead, the Truth of Types,
 The Truth of Ancient Story.

(2.)

Christ is a Prophet, Priest and King;
 A Prophet full of Light.
 A Priest that stands 'twixt God and Man,
 A King that Rules with Might.
 Christ's Manhood is a Temple, where,
 The Altar, God doth Rest;
 My Christ he is the Sacrifice;
 My Christ he is the Priest.

(3.)

My Christ he is the Lord of Lords,
 He is the King of Kings;
 He is the Son of Righteousness,
 With Healing in his Wings.
 My Christ he is the Tree of Life
 Which in God's Garden grows,
 Whose Fruits do feed, whose Leaves do heal;
 My Christ is *Sharon's* Rose.

(4.)

Christ is my Meat, Christ is my Drink,
 My Physick, and my Health,
 My Peace, my Strength, my Joy, my Crown,
 My Glory, and my Wealth.
 Christ is my Father and my Friend,
 My Brother and my Love,
 My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
 My Advocate above.

(5.)

(5.)

My Christ he is the Heaven of Heaven;
 My Christ what shall I call?
 My Christ is First, my Christ is Last,
 My Christ is All in All.

XIV. *A Song of Praise for Redemption.*

(1.)

O That I had an Angel's Tongue,
 That I might loudly Sing,
 The Wonders of Redeeming Love
 To Thee my God and King!
 But Man, who at the Gates of Hell
 Did Pale and Speechless lye,
 Must find a Tongue and Time to speak,
 Or else the Stones will cry.

(2.)

Let the Redeemed of the Lord
 Their thankful Voices raise:
 Can we be Dumb whilst Angels Sing
 Our great Redeemer's Praise?
 Come let us join with Angels then,
Glory to God on High;
Peace upon Earth, Good-Will to Men,
 Amen, Amen, say I.

(3.)

Poor *Adam's* Race was Satan's Prey,
 And Dust the Serpent's Food:
 We that were doom'd to be devour'd,
 Naked and Trembling stood.

A Wise Eternal Pity then
 Did helpless Men befriend;
 Our Help did in God's Bosom lye,
 And thence it did ascend.

(4.)

Love cloathed with Humility,
 Built here an House of Clay,
 In which it dwelt and rescu'd Man;
 The Devil lost his prey.
 The spiteful Serpent bruis'd Christ's Heel,
 But then Christ break his Head,
 And left him Nail'd upon the Cross,
 On which his Blood was shed.

(5.)

Sing and Triumph in boundless Grace,
 Which thus hath set thee free;
 Extol with shouts, my saved Soul,
 Thy Saviour's Love to thee.
 Give endless Thanks to God, and say,
 What Love was this in thee,
 That thou hast not withheld thy Son,
 Thine only Son from Me!

(6.)

What were Ten Thousand Worlds to him,
 Thine Image and Delight?
 Had we been all cast down to Hell
 Justice had had its Right
 Thy Glory might have been restrain'd,
 Our Torments should express

Thy

Thy Pureness, Justice, Might and Truth,
And Everlastingness.

(7.)

Thus, Lord, thy dreadful Attributes
Man might have serv'd to prove ;
Thy glorious Angels would have Sung
The Riches of thy Love.
Would'st thou have active Worshippers,
Besides the Angels Quire ?
Millions had Issu'd at thy Word,
As Sparks arise from Fire.

(8.)

Man's Room had quickly been supply'd,
For, Lord, at thy Command
A New Creation should appear ;
Thy Grace could make them stand.
Or would'st thou shew thy Pity, Lord ?
Thou might'st have looked then
On Fallen Angels, Fallen Stars,
And not on Fallen Men.

(9.)

But Fallen Angels must be left,
And Fallen Men Must rise ;
For this the Son of God must fall
A Bloody Sacrifice.
Thy Deep and Glorious Councils, Lord,
With Trembling I Adore ;
Blessed, thrice blessed be my God,
Blessed for evermore.

XV. A Song of Praise for the Gospel.

(1.)

Blest be my God that I was Born
 To hear the Joyful Sound ;
 That I was Born to be Baptiz'd,
 And Bred on Holy Ground.
 That I was Bred where God appears,
 In Tokens of his Grace ;
 The Lines are fallen unto me
 In a most pleasant Place.

(2.)

I might have been a *Pagan* Bred,
 Or else a Veiled *Jew*,
 Or cheated with an *Alcoran*
 Among the *Turkish* Crew.
 Dumb Pictures might have been my Books,
 Dark Language my Devotion ;
 And so I might with blinded Eyes
 Have drunk a deadly Potion.

(3.)

So in a Dungeon dark as Night
 I might have spent my Days ;
 But thou hast sent me Gospel-Light,
 To thine Eternal Praise.
 The Sun which rose up in the East,
 And drove their Shades away,
 His Healing Wings have reach'd the *West*,
 And turn'd our Night to Day.

(4.)

(4.)

England at first an Egypt was,
Since that proud Babel's Slave;
At last a Canaan it became,
And then my Birth it gave.
Blest be my God that I have slept
The dismal Night away,
Being kept in Providences Womb,
To England's brightest Day.

(5.)

Blest be my God for what I see,
My God for what I hear;
I hear such blessed News from Heaven,
Nor Earth nor Hell I fear.
I hear my Lord for me was Born,
My Lord for me did Die,
My Lord for me did Rise again,
And did ascend on High.

(6.)

On High he stands to plead my Cause,
And will return again,
And set me on a Glorious Throne,
That I with him may Reign.
Glory to God the Father be;
Glory to God the Son,
Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
Glory to God Alone.

XVI. *A Song of Praise for a Gospel-Ministry.*

(1.)

FAir are the Feet which bring the News,
Of Gladness unto Me;
What Happy Messengers are these
Which my blest'd Eyes do see!
These are the Stars which God appoints
For Guides unto my Way,
To lead me unto *Bethlem-Town*,
Where my dear Saviour Lay.

(2.)

These are my God's Ambassadors,
By whom his Mind I know,
God's Angels in his lower Heav'n,
God's Trumpeters below.
The Trumpet sound, the Dead arise,
Which fell by *Adam's* Hand;
Again the Trumpet sounds, and they
Set forth for *Canaan's* Land.

(3.)

Thy Servants speak, but thou, Lord, dost
An hearing Ear bestow;
They smite the Rock, but thou, my God,
Dost make the Waters flow;
They shoot the Arrow, but thy Hand
Doth drive the Arrow home;
They call, but, Lord, thou dost compel,
And then thy Guests are come.

(4.)

(4.)

Angels that fly, and Worms that creep,
 Are both alike to Thee;
 If thou mak'st Worms thine Angels, Lord,
 They bring my God to me.
 As Sons of Thunder first they come,
 And I the Lightning fear;
 But then they bring me to my Home,
 And Sons of Comfort are.

(5.)

Lord, thou art in them of a Truth,
 That I might never stray;
 The Clouds and Pillars march before,
 And shew me *Canaan's* Way:
 I bless my God, who is my Guide;
 I sing in *Sion's* Ways:
 When shall I sing on *Sion's* Hill
 Thine Everlasting Praise?

XVII. *A Song of Praise for Holy Baptism.*

(1.)

Lord, what is Man, that Lump of Sin,
 Made up of Earth and Hell?
 Not fit to come within the Camp
 Where Holy Angels dwell.
 Man is a Leper from the Womb,
 An *Ethiopian* Born,
 A Traytor's Guilty Son and Heir,
 Worthy of Pain and Scorn.

C

(2.)

(2.)

And dost thou look on such a one?

Are not thine Eyes most pure?

But they are Eyes of Pity too,

Where Grievs do beg a Cure.

This Leper is a loathsome Sight,

But Pity casts an Eye,

And bids him wash in *Jordan's* Streams,

To Cure his Leprosie.

(3.)

The *Ethiopian's* Skin is chang'd,

And made as white as Snow,

When dipt in Wonder-working Streams.

Which from Christ's Side did flow.

As *Adam* slept, and from his Side

A killing *Eve* arose;

From my pierc'd Lord (that smitten Rock)

A pure Life-fountain flows.

(4.)

Ah what a tainted Wretch is Man!

And so he must have stood,

But lo! An Act of Sovereign Grace

Restores him to his Blood.

Save me, my God, for I am thine,

Lord, own thy Seal to me;

O wash my Soul till it be cleans'd,

And purify'd for thee.

(5.)

Blest above Streams is *Jordan's* Flood,

Which toucheth *Canaan's* Shore;

to Almighty God.

31

I'll sing thy Praise in Jordans Streams,
In Canaan evermore.

XVIII. *A Song of Praise for the Lord's
Supper.*

(1.)

O Praise the Lord ! Praise him, praise him,
Sing Praises to his Name ;
O all ye Saints of Heaven and Earth,
Extol and Laud the same ;
Who spared not his only Son,
But gave him for us all,
And made him drink the Cup of Wrath,
The Wormwood and the Gall.

(2.)

Frail Nature shrunk and did request
That bitter Cup might pass ;
But he must drink it off, and this
The Father's Pleasure was
Lo then I come to do thy Will,
His blessed Son reply'd,
Yielding himself to God and Man,
He stretch'd his Arms and dy'd.

(3.)

He Dy'd indeed, but Rose again,
And did ascend on High,
That we poor Sinners, Lost and Dead,
Might Live eternally.
Good Lord, how many Souls in Hell
Doth Vengeance vex and Tear ?

C 2

Were

Were it for a Dying Christ
Our dwelling had been there.

(4.)

His Blood was shed instead of ours,
His Soul our Hell did bear ;

He took our Sin, gave us Himself,
What an exchange is here !

Whatever is not Hell it self,
For us it is too good :

But must we Eat the flesh of Christ?
And must we Drink his Blood ?

(5.)

His Flesh is Heav'nly Food indeed,

His Blood is Drink Divine,

His Graces drop, like Honey falls,

His Comforts taste like Wine.

Sweet Christ, thou hast refresh'd our Souls
With thine abundant Grace ;

For which we magnifie thy Name,
Longing to see thy Face.

(6.)

When shall our Souls mount up to Thee,

Most Holy, Just, and True,

To eat that Bread, and drink that Wine,
Which is for ever New ?

XIX. *A Song of Praise for the Lord's-day.*

(1.)

MY Lord, my Love, was Crucified,
He all the Pains did Bear ;

But

But in the Sweetness of his Rest
He makes his Servants Share
How sweetly Rest thy Saints above,
Which in thy Bosom lye?
Thy Church below doth Rest in Hope
Of that Felicity.

(2.)

Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st thy sheep,
Mak'st them a weekly Feast ;
Thy Flocks meet in their several Folds
Upon this Day of Rest.
Welcome and dear unto my Soul,
Are these sweet Feasts of Love,
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above !

(3.)

I bless thy wise and wondrous Love,
Which binds us to be free ;
Which makes us leave our Earthly Snares
That we may come to Thee
I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy Footsteps, Lord I trace ;
I sing to think this is the Way
Unto my Saviour's Face.

(4.)

These are my Preparation Days ;
And when my Soul is Drest,
These Sabbaths shall deliver me,
To mine Eternal Rest,

C 3

XX.

XX. Another.

(1.)

Blest Day of God, most calm, most bright,
 The first and best of Days ;
 The *Lab'rour's* Rest, the *Saint's* Delight,
 A Day of Mirth and Praise
 My Saviour's Face did make thee shine,
 His Rising did thee Raise ;
 This made thee Heavenly and Divine ;
 Beyond the common Days.

(2.)

The First fruits do a Blessing prove
 To all the Sheaves behind ;
 And they that do a Sabbath love
 An happy Week shall find :
 My Lord on thee his Name did fix,
 Which maketh thee Rich and Gay ;
 Amidst his Golden Candlesticks
 My Saviour walks this Day.

(3.)

He walks in's Robes, his Face shines bright,
 The Stars are in his Hand ;
 Out of his Mouth, that place of Might,
 A Two-edg'd Sword doth stand :
 Grac'd with our *Lord's* Appearance thus,
 As well as with his Name ;
 Thou may'st demand Respect from us
 Upon a double Claim.

(4.)

This Day God doth his Vessels broach;
 His Conduits run with Wine;
 He that loves not this Day's approach,
 Scorns Heaven and Saviour's shine.
 What Slaves are those who flav'ry chuse,
 And Garlick for their Feast,
 Whilst Milk and Hony they refuse,
 And the Almighty's Rest?

(5.)

This Market-day doth Saints enrich,
 And smiles upon them all;
 It is their *Pentecost*, on which
 The Holy Ghost do fall.
 O Day of Wonders! Mercies Pawn,
 The weary Soul's Recruit,
 The Christian's *Goshen*, Heavens Dawn,
 The Bud of endless Fruit.

(6.)

Oh could I love as I have lov'd
 Thy Watches heretofore:
 As *England's* Glory thou hast prov'd,
 May'st thou be so yet more.
 This Day must I for God appear,
 For, Lord, the Day is thine;
 O let me spend it in thy Fear!
 Then shall the Day be mine,

(7.)

Thro'out the Day, cease Work and Play,
 That I to God may rest;

Now let me Talk with God, and Walk,
With God, and I am blest.

XXI. *A Song of Praise for the Patience
of God.*

(1.)

A Lmighty God, how haſt thou born
Wrongs not to be expreſt;
Daring Rebellion, Injur'd Love,
Light quenched in my Breſt!
Man would be God, and down he fell,
To teach him better Skill;
Yet he liſts up his bruifed Bones
Againſt his Maker ſtill.

(2.)

Lord, what a Monſter is baſe Man,
Thus given to Rebel!
O that thou doſt not cleave the Earth,
And ſend him quick to Hell.
His Sins for Wages loudly Cry,
Juſtice with dreadful ſound
Cries too, Cut down this fruitleſs Tree
Why cumpers it the Ground?

(3.)

But God waves his Advantages
Of Right and Vengeance too,
And by his ſingle Patience
Doth daring Man outdo
The Creature doth diſdain his God,
By whom he is maintain'd;

Yet

Yet God maintains this Rebel-worm,
By whom he is disdain'd.

(4.)

Fool, ask not where th' Almighty is,
All Glory to him give;
Is not his Power fully prov'd
In suff'ring thee to Live;
Was he not God he could not bear
Such Weights as on him lye;
Weak things are quickly set on fire,
And to their Weapons fly.

(5.)

Why should not Patience make me sing,
When Hell would make me roar?
Lord, let thy Patience end in Love,
I'll sing for evermore.

XXII. *A Song of Praise for Pardon of Sin.*

(1.)

MY God a God of Pardons is,
His Bosom gives me ease;
I have not, do not, please my God,
Yet Mercy him doth please.
My Sins aloud for Vengeance call,
But lo! A Fountain springs
From Christ's pierc'd Side, which louder cries,
And speaketh better things.

(2.)

My Sins have reach'd up to the Heav'ns,
But Mercies height exceeds;

God's

God's Mercy is above the Heav'ns,
 Above my sinful Deeds;
 My Sins are many, like the Stars,
 Or Sands upon the Shore;
 But yet the Mercies of my God
 Are infinitely more.

(3.)

My Sins in bigness do arise
 Like Mountains Great and Tall;
 But Mercy, like a Mighty Sea,
 Covers these Mountains all.
 This is a Sea that's Bottomless,
 A Sea without a Shore;
 For where Sin hath abounded much,
 Mercy abounds much more.

(4.)

Manasseh, Paul and Magdalen

Were Pardon'd all by thee;
 I read it, and believe it, Lord,
 For thou hast pardon'd me.

When God shall search the World for Sin,
 What trembling will be there?

O Rocks and Mountains cover us
 Will be the Sinner's Prayer.

(5.)

But the Lamb's Wrath they need not fear,
 Who once have felt his Love;
 And they that walk with God below,
 Shall dwell with God above.

Rage Earth and Hell, come Life, come Death,
 Yet still my Song shall be, God

God was, and is, and will be Good,
And Merciful to me.

XXIII, *A Song of Praise for Peace of
Conscience.*

(1.)

MY God, my reconciled God,
Creator of my Peace,
Thee will I Love, and Praise and Sing
Till Life and Breath shall cease.
My thoughts did rage, my Soul was tost,
'T was like a troubled Sea ;
But what a mighty Voice is this,
Which Winds and Waves obey !

(2.)

God speak the Word, *Peace and be still,*
My Sins, those Mutineers
With speed went off, and took their flight,
Where now are all my Fears ?
The World can neither give nor take,
Nor yet can understand,
That Peace of God which Christ hath brought
And gives me with his Hand.

(3.)

This is my Saviour's Legacy,
Confirm'd by his Decease ;
Ye shall have Trouble in the World,
In me ye shall have Peace,
And so it is, the World doth rage,
But Peace in me doth Reign.

And whilst my God maintains the Fort,
Their Batt'ries are in vain.

(4.)

The Burning Bush was not consum'd
Whilst God remained there ;
The Three, when Christ did make the Fourth
Found Fire as meek as Air.
So is my Mem'ry stuff with Sins
Enough to make an Hell,
And yet my Conscience is not scorch'd,
For God in me doth dwell.

(5.)

Where God doth dwell sure Heav'n is there,
And Singing there must be ;
Since, Lord, thy Presence makes my Heaven,
Whom should I sing but thee ?
My God, my reconciled God,
Creator of my Peace,
Thee will I Love, and Praise, and Sing,
Till Life and Breath shall cease.

XXIV. *A Song of Praise for Joy in the
Holy Ghost.*

(1.)

MY Soul doth magnifie the Lord,
My Spirit doth rejoice
In God my Saviour, and my God,
I hear his joyful Voice.
I need not go abroad for Joy,
Who have a feast at Home;

My

to Almighty God.

41

My Sighs are turned into Songs,
The Comforter is come.

(2.)

Down from above the Blessed Dove
Is come into my Breast,
To witness God's Eternal Love,
This is my Heav'nly Feast.

This makes me *Abba Father* cry
With Confidence of Soul ;
It makes me cry, My Lord, my God,
And that without Controul.

(3.)

There is a Stream which issues forth
From God's Eternal Throne,
And from the Lamb a Living Stream,
Clear as the Chrystian Stone !

This Stream doth water Paradise,
It makes the Angels sing ;
One Cordial Drop revives my Heart,
Hence all my Joys do spring.

(4.)

Such Joys as are unspeakable,
And full of Glory too ;
Such hidden *Manna*, hidden Pearls,
As Worldlings do not know.

Eye hath not seen, nor Ear hath heard,
From Fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me reveal'd.

(5.)

(5.)

I see thy Face, I hear thy voice,
 I taste thy sweetest Love ;
 My Soul doth leap ; but O for Wings,
 The Wings of *Noah's Dove* !

• Then should I flee far hence away,
 Leaving this World of Sin ;
 Then should my Lord put forth his Hand,
 And kindly take me in.

(6.)

Then should my Soul with Angels Feast
 On Joys that always last ;
 Blest be my God, the God of Joy,
 Who gives me here a Taste.

XXV. *A Song of Praise for Grace.*

(1.)

O God of Grace, who hast restor'd
 Thine Image unto me,
 Which by my Sins was quite defac'd,
 What shall I render Thee ?

Thine Image and Inscription, Lord
 Upon my Heart I bear ;
 Thine own I render unto thee
 O God, my God most dear

(2.)

My self I owe thee for my self,
 Whom thou did'st make of Earth ;
 But thou hast made me o'er again,
 Thou gav'st a Second Birth,

Twice

Twice born, and twice endued with Life,
I hast to come to thee,
To pay my Vows, my Thanks, my Heart,
With all Humility.

(3.)

O was I Born first from Beneath!
And then Born from Above!
Am I a Child of Man and God?
O Rich and Endless Love!
When I had broke the Tables, Lord,
New Tables thou didst hew,
And with thy Finger didst Engrave
Thy Laws on them anew,

(4.)

Earth is my Mother, Earth my Nurse,
And Earth must be my Tomb;
Yet God, the God of Heav'n and Earth,
My Father is become.
Hell enter'd me, and into Hell
I quickly should have run;
But O! Kind Heav'n laid hold on me;
Heav'n is in me begun.

(5.)

This Spark will rise into a Flame,
This Seed into a Tree;
My Songs shall rise, my Praises shall
Loud *Hallelujahs* be.

XXVI. *A Song of Praise for Answer of Prayer.*

(1.)

WHat are the Heav'ns, O God of Heaven!
 Thou art more bright, more high;
 What are bright Stars, and brighter Saints,
 To thy bright Majesty!
 Thou'rt far above the Songs of Heav'n,
 Sung by thy Holy Ones;
 And dost thou stoop and bow thine Ear
 To a poor Sinner's Groans.

(2.)

God minds the Language of my Heart,
 My Groans and Sighs he hears;
 He hath a Book for my Request,
 A Bottle for my Tears.
 But did not my dear Saviour's Blood
 First wash away their Guilt,
 My Sighs would prove but empty Air,
 My Tears would all be spilt.

(3.)

Lord, thine Eternal Spirit was
 My Advocate within;
 But O! My Smoak join'd with thy Flame,
 My Prayer was mixt with Sin.
 But then Christ was my Altar, and
 My Advocate above,
 His Blood did clear my Prayer, and gain'd
 An Answer full of Love.

(4.)

(4.)

It could not be that thou shouldst hear
 A Mortal sinful Worm;
 But that my Prayers presented are
 In a more glorious Form.
 Christ's precious Hand took my Requests,
 And turn'd my Dross to Gold;
 His Blood put warmth into my Prayers,
 Which were by Nature cold.

(5.)

Thou heard'st my Groans for Jesus sake,
 Whom thou dost hear always;
 Lord, hear through that prevailing Name
 My Voice of Joy and Praise.

XXVII. *A Song of Praise for Deliv-*
rance from Enemies.

(1.)

Great God, who dost the World com-
 mand,
 Thou check'st both Winds and Waves;
 The Devils, which like Lions Roar,
 Are thine Enchained Slaves.
 The Sons of Rage are smoking Brands,
 And Idols fear'd in vain;
 Thou, Lord, the only, only God,
 Their Fury dost restrain.

D

(2.)

(2.)

Thou, Lord, didst smoothe fierce *Eſau's* Brow,
 And change his murm'ring Breath;
 Thou gav'ſt to him a Brother's Heart,
 Who vow'd his Brother's Death.
 Angels have arm'd at thy Command,
 And Stars have ſhot their Dart,
 Nature hath fought, and Miracles
 Have took thy Churches part.

(3.)

Thee, Lord, who ſtill thy Church doſt love,
 All Creatures muſt obey;
 And when for thine thou doſt ariſe,
 Their En'mies where are they?
 I cry'd to Heaven in my Diſtreſs,
 I to my God did flee,
 He with Compaſſion heard my cry,
 He did ariſe for me.

(4.)

With humble Fear and thankful Joy,
 Lord, at thy Feet I fall,
 Unfeignedly acknowledging
 That Thou alone doſt all.
 Thou art all Pow'r, thou art all Love,
 And ſo thou art to me;
 Bleſt be my God, now and henceforth,
 And to Eternity.

XXVIII. *A Song of Praise for Deliverance
from Spiritual Troubles.*

(1.)

I That am drawn out of the Depth
Will sing upon the Shore ;
that in Hell's dark Suburbs lay
Pure Mercy will adore :
The Terrors of the Living God
My Soul did so affright ;
fear'd lest I should be condemn'd
To an Eternal Night.

(2.)

Kind was the Pity of my Friends,
But could not ease my smart.
Their Words indeed did reach my Case,
But could not reach my Heart.
Oh, then what was this World to me,
To whom God's Word was dark !
Who in my Dungeon cou'd not see
One Beam, or shining Spark.

(3.)

What then were all the Creatures Smiles,
When the Creator frown'd ?
My Days were Nights, my Life was Death,
My Being was my Wound.
Tortur'd and wrack'd with Hellish Fears
When God the Blow should give,
My Eyes did fail, my Heart did sink,
Then Mercy bid me live.

D 2

(4.)

(4.)

God's Furnace doth in *Sion* stand,
 But *Sion's* God sits by ;
 As the Refiner views his Gold
 With an observant Eye.

God's Thoughts are high, his Love is wise,
 His Wounds a Cure intend ;
 And tho he doth not always smile,
 He loves unto the end.

(5.)

Thy Love is constant to its Line,
 Tho' Clouds oft come between ;
 O could my Faith but pierce these Clouds,
 It might be always seen.
 But I am weak, and forc'd to cry,
 Take up my Soul to thee ;
 Then as thou ever art the same
 So shall I ever be.

(6.)

Then shall I ever, ever sing,
 Whilst thou dost ever shine ;
 I have thine own dear Pledge for this,
 Lord, thou art ever mine.

XXIX. *A Song of Praise for Deliverance
 from Imminent Dangers of Death.*

(1.)

I Ord of my Life, length of my Days,
 Thy Hand hath rescu'd me ;
 Who lying at the Gates of Death
 Among the Dead, was free.

My dearest Friends I had resign'd
Unto their Maker's Care ;
Methought I only time had left
For a concluding Prayer.

(2.)

Methoughts Death laid his Hand on me,
And did his Pris'ner bind ;
And by the sound methoughts I heard
His Masters Feet behind.
Methoughts I stood upon the Shore,
And nothing could I see
But the Vast *Ocean* with my Eyes,
A Vast Eternity.

(3.)

Methought I heard the Midnight Cry,
Behold the Bridegroom comes ;
Methoughts I was call'd to the Bar,
Where Souls receive their Dooms.
The World was at an end to me,
As if it all did Burn ;
But lo ! There came a Voice from Heav'n,
Which order'd my Return.

(4.)

Lord, I return'd at thy Command,
What wilt thou have me do ?
Let me wholly live to Thee,
To whom my Life I owe !
Again would I dedicate to Thee
The Remnant of my Days ;

D 3

Lord,

Lord with my life renew my Heart,
That both thy Name may Praise.

XXX. A Song of Praise for the Hope of Glory

(1.)

I Sojourn in a Vale of Tears,
Alas, how can I sing!
My Harp doth on the Willows hang,
Dis-tun'd in every string.
My Musick is a Captives Chains,
Harsh Sounds my Ears do fill;
How shall I sing sweet *Sion's* Song
On this side *Sion's* Hill?

(2.)

Yet lo! I hear a joyful Sound,
Surely I quickly come;
Each Word much sweetness doth distil
Like a full Honey-Comb.
'And dost thou come, my dearest Lord?
And dost thou surely come?
'And dost thou surely quickly come?
Methinks I am at Home?

(3.)

Come then my dearest, dearest Lord;
My sweetest, surest Friend;
Come, for I loath these *Kedar* Tents
Thy fiery Chariots send.
What have I here? My Thoughts and
Are all pack'd up and gone;
My eager Soul would follow them,
To thine Eternal Throne.

(4.)

What have I in this Barren Land?

My Jesus is not here;

Mine Eyes will ne'er be blest until

My Jesus doth appear.

My Jesus is gone up to Heav'n,

To get get a place for me;

For 'tis his Will that where he is

There should his Servants be.

(5.)

Canaan I view from Pisgah's Top,

Of Canaan's Grapes I taste,

My Lord, who sends unto me here

Will send for me at last.

I have a God that changeth not

Why should I be perplexed?

My God that owns me in this World,

Will own me in the next.

(6.)

Go fearless then, my Soul, with God

Into another Room;

Thou who hast walked with him here,

Go see thy God at Home.

View Death with a believing Eye,

It hath an Angel's Face;

And this kind Angel will prefer

Thee to an Angel's place.

(7.)

The Grave is but a Fining pot

Unto believing Eyes;

For there the Flesh shall lose its dross,
 And like the Sun shall rise.
 The World, which I have known too well
 Hath mock'd me with its Lies;
 How gladly could I leave behind
 Its vexing Vanities?

(8.)

My dearest Friends, they dwell above,
 Them will I go to see;
 And all my Friends in Christ below
 Will soon come after me.
 Fear not the Trumps Earth-rending Sound,
 Dread not the Day of Doom;
 For he that is to be thy Judge,
 Thy Saviour is become.

(3.)

Blest be my God that gives me Light,
 Who in the dark did grope;
 Blest be my God, the God of Love,
 Who causeth me to hope.
 Here's the Word's Signet, Comfort's Staff,
 And here is Grace's Chain;
 By these thy Pledges, Lord, I know
 My Hopes are not in vain.

XXXI. *A Song of Praise collected out of
 the Book of Psalms.*

(1.)

(Him

PSAL. **O** Praise the Lord, Praise Him, praise
 135. 1. **O** Praise Him with one accord;
 Praise

Praise him, praise him, all ye that be
The Servants of the Lord.

47. 6. Sing Praises to our God, sing Praise,
Sing Praises to our King;
Praise to the King of all the Earth
With Understanding sing.

(2.)

103. 1. My Soul give Laud unto the Lord.
My Spirit shall do the same,
And all the Secrets of my Heart,
Praise ye his Holy Name.

95. 6. Come let us bow and praise the Lord,
Before him let us fall,
And kneel to him with one accord,
For he hath made us all,

(3.)

7. He is the Lord, he is our God,
For us he doth provide;
We are his Flock, he doth us feed;
His Sheep, he doth us guide.

118. 21. I will give Thanks unto the Lord,
Because he hath heard me,
And is become most lovingly
A Saviour unto me.

(4.)

13. The Lord is my Defence and Strength,
My Joy, my Mirth, my Song;
He is become for me indeed
A Saviour most strong.

28. Thou

28. Thou art my God, I will Confess
And render Thanks to Thee;
Thou art my God, and I will praise
Thy Mercy towards me.

(5.)

29. O give ye Thanks unto the Lord!
For gracious is he,
Because his Mercy doth endure
For ever towards me.

XXXII. *Another.*

(1.)

PSAL. **T**O render Thanks unto the Lord.
26. 6. How great a cause have I!
My Voice, my Prayer, and my Complaint,
That heard so willingly? (stay'd,
59. 17. Thou art my Strength, thou hast me
O Lord, I sing to Thee;
Thou art my Fort, my Fence and Aid,
A Loving God to me.

(2.)

73. 25. What thing is there that I can wish
But Thee in Heaven above?
And in the Earth there is nothing.
Like Thee that I can love.

36. 9. For why? Thy Well of Life so pure
Doth ever flow from Thee;
And in thy Light we are full sure
The lasting Light to see.

(3.)

(3.)

27. 15. My Heart would faint but that in me
 This Hope is fixed fast ;
 The Lord God's good Grace shall I see
 In Life that ay shall last,
 48. 13. For this God is our God, our God,
 For evermore is he ;
 This God of ours, even unto Death
 Our faithful Guide will be,

(4.)

17. 17. When I awake I shall behold
 In Righteousness thy Face ;
 And I shall be most like to Thee,
 Even filled with thy Grace.
 16. 11. Full Joys are in thy Presence, Lord,
 (A sweet and precious Store)
 My God, at thy Right Hand there are
 Pleasures for evermore.

(5.)

103. 21. Ye Angels which are great in Power
 Praise ye and bless the Lord,
 Which to obey and do his Will
 Immediately accord.
 22. Ye all his Works in every place,
 Praise ye his Holy Name ;
 My Heart, my Mind, and all my Soul,
 For ever praise the same.

XXXIII. *A Song of Praise Collected from the Doxologies in the Revelation of St. John.*

(1.)

Rev. **T**O Him that lov'd us from Himself,
 1. 5. And dy'd to do us good,
 And wash'd us from our Scarlet Sins
 In his own purest Blood.

6. And made us Kings and Priests to God,
 His Father infinite,
 To him Eternal Glory be,
 And everlasting Might.

(2.)

5. 12. The Lamb is worthy that was slain
 To have all Power and Wealth;
 All Honour, Glory, Wisdom, Strength,
 Thanks for his saving Health.

13. Thanks Honour, Glory, Power to him
 That on the Throne doth sit,
 And to the Lamb for ever, and,
 For ever, so be it.

(3.)

7. 9. Thousands of Thousands of the Saints
 Which stand before their King,
 With shining Robes, and spreading Palms,
 Loud *Hallelujahs* sing.

10. Ascribe Salvation to our God
 Who sits upon the Throne.

And

to Almighty God.

57.

rom
St. And to the Lamb, the glorious Lamb,
Ascribe Salvation.

(4.)

elf, 11. 12. *Amen, Amen*, the Angels cry,
Salvation is his due ;
And he through all Eternity
His Praises will renew.
Thanks, Glory, Blessing, Wisdom, Might,
Honour and Power, then
Be to our God for evermore,
For evermore. *Amen.*

The

*The Songs of Songs which is Solomon's first
Turned, then Paraphrased in English Verse.*

The VERSION.

CHAP. I.

V. 1. *The Song which doth all Songs excel,
Written by Solomon,
The Wisest King of Israel,
And Blessed David's Son.*

[Dialogue.]
The Church to Christ.

2. **C**ome near, come nearer yet, and move
Thy sweetest Lips to mine ;
For why? Thy Love (who art all Love).
Exceeds the Richest Wine.

3. Like to an Ointment poured out
Is thy sweet Name and Favour ;
Glad Virgins compass Thee about
For thy good Ointments favour.

4. O draw me with thy Cords of Love !
We will run after Thee ;
The King into his Rooms above
Hath now Conducted me,

Thy

Thy Beams will make our Faces shine,
In Thee we will rejoice;

Thy Love is more to us than Wine,
Thou art the Upright's Choice.

5. Ye Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
Tho' I am Black, yet Fair;

Like *Kedar's* Tents, like Ornaments
Which *Solomon's* Bed doth wear.

6. Look not with a disdainful Eye
Upon my Sun-burnt Face;

My Mothers Children rag'd at me,
And wrought me much disgrace;

Such was their Envy, such their Grudge,
Their Vines must be inspected;

Whilst at their Vines I was their Drudge,
Mine own were quite neglected.

7. But, O Thou whom my Soul doth Love!
Tell me now from thy Breast,

Where feeds thy Flock? Where doth it move?
Where is its Noon-Tide Rest?

Why should I stray, and lose my way,
Till I at last do fall

Among thy Fellows Flocks, as they
Themselves do proudly call?

Christ.

O Fairest Fair! Then go and trace
The Footsteps of my Sheep,

and feed the Kids beside the Place
Where my good Shepherds keep.

9. My

9. *My Love, I have compared Thee
To those Egyptian Mares,
Which in King Pharaoh's Chariots flee,
O Fairest of all Fairs !*
10. *Thy Cheeks are comely to behold,
Which Rows of Jewels deck ;
Large Chains of pure and shining Gold,
Adorn thy Royal Neck.*
11. *I and my Father we will make
Borders of Gold for Thee,
With Silver Studs for thy dear sake,
That thou may'st Richer be.*

The Church.

12. *The King doth at his Table sit,
And I that love him well
Do pour my Spikenard on his Feet,
Which gives a fragrant smell.*
13. *My Well-beloved is to me
A Pomander of Myrrh ;
Betwixt my Breast all Night shall he
Be lodg'd and never stir.*
14. *My Well-beloved is to me
Like Aromatick Wines ;
Like Clusters of the Camphire Tree
Among Engeddi Vines.*

Christ.

15. *Lo, thou art Fair my only Love ;
My Love, lo, thou art Fair ;*

*Thou art my Love, thou art my Dove,
Doves Eyes in thee appear.*

The Church.

16. Nay, my Beloved, thou art Fair,
My fairnes is from Thee;
And thou art sweet beyond compare:
What a Green Bed have we!

17. The Beams are Cedars where we dwell,
So strong they will not stir;
The Rafters send a pleasant smell,
For they are made of Fir.

The Paraphrase.

CHAP. I.

*Now will I sing of Christ the King,
And of his Church the Queen;
This Song of Songs to them belongs,
Where their pure Flames are seen.*

[Dialogue.]

The Church to Christ.

LET my dear Saviour's Love appear
By some assuring sign;
Thou, Lord, my fainting Soul dost chear
When thou say'st, I am thine.
Let others on their Dainties feed,
And drink the richest Wine,
My Feast doth all their Feasts exceed
When thou say'st, I am thine.

E

Thy

3. Thy Word which sounds thy mighty Fame,
And how good thou hast been,
Doth so revive, that for the same
Souls love Thee, tho' unseen;
Souls of an Heav'nly Make and Frame,
The Joyful Heirs of Grace,
Do taste such Sweetness in thy Name,
They long to see thy Face.

4. Fain would I, but I cannot move,
Sin hath Enfeebled me;

O draw me with the Cords of Love!
I will run after Thee:

Thou hear'st, thou draw'st, I come, I come,
Thy Love (my God) is sweet;

Thy Presence-Chamber is the Room
Where Soul and Joys do meet.

Our Earthly Pleasures we forget,
To think upon thy Love;

All upright Souls their Minds do set
On thee, my Lord, above.

5. Tho' I to Strangers black do seem,
And under Foot am trod,

Yet am I Fair in Heav'n's esteem,
I am the House of God.

6 O do not scorn my outward State!
Ye know not what's within;

Whom God doth love, how dare you hate?
My Saviour hides my Sin;

Profest Church Members should have brought
Some Comfort to my Mind;

But did they Treat me as they ought,
Alas ! They prov'd unkind ;
Their Anger did my Words controul,
They Bow'd me to their Will :
And so my own immortal Soul
Declin'd and Fared ill.
Pity my tempted State, O Lord !
Whom still I do adore ;
Bring me home ! By thy good Word,
My Lapsed Soul Restore :
Since, Lord, thy Mercies still abides,
Shall I be lost among
False Flocks, false Doctrines, and false Guides,
Which do thine Honour wrong ?

Christ.

*My Church to me, the World is Dross,
And thou a Pearl of Price ;
And art thou Stray'd, and at a Loss ?
Attend to my Advice :
Look back upon my Church of old ;
And mark which way they went ;
And let thy Childrens Eyes behold
The Pastors I have sent.
As Pharaoh's Horses (Egypt's Pride)
Is deem'd the Choicest Breed ;
Thou, my Church, my Fairest Bride,
All Fair ones dost exceed.
Mans eyes the outward State behold,
Mine Eyes are on thy Heart.*

*Whilst others shine with Pearl and Gold,
Through Grace thou lovely art.*

11. *My Soul that loves thee is so glad
Thy Stock of Grace to see,
I and my Father, we will add
A new supply to Thee.*

The Church.

12. *My King doth Sit in Heav'n above,
Where Angels do attend ;
And from below my Faith and Love
Shall to my King ascend.*

13. *My Faith ascends unto my Lord,
And brings him down to me ;
My love a Bosom doth afford,
Where he shall lodged be.*

- O the sweet time, as if I was
Reigning in Heaven above,
When once my Soul doth Christ embrace
In Arms of Faith and Love !*

14. *It is so sweet, when we do meet
My Joys in Christ exceed
The sweetest Smells, and Tastes, and Sights
Which can our Senses feed.*

Christ.

15. *My dearest Church, I do admire
The Beauties of thy Mind,
So Meek, so Harmless, so Entire,
So Faithful and so Kind.*

The Church.

6. My dearest Lord, thou art the Sun,
By whose bright Beams I shine ;
And then my Glory first begun
When thou becamest mine :
Since thou art mine, and I am thine,
A Num'rous Race do flow
In every place which to thy Grace
Their Birth and Being owe.
7. The dear Assemblies of thy Saints,
Where thou my Lord dost dwell,
Are sweet and pure, and shall endure
Against the Gates of Hell.

The VERSION.

CHAP. II. *Christ.*

I *Am the Rose of Sharon-Field.*

*I am the Lilly White,
The Lilly which the Vallies yield,
I am both sweet and bright.*

*What are Thorns, in th' Account of Men,
Unto the Lilly bright ?*

*What are the Fairest Daughters when
My Love appears in sight ?*

The Church.

*What are the common Trees o'th Wood
Unto the Apple Tree ?*

*What is the Rich and Noblest Blood,
My lovely Lord, to Thee ?*

I sat Rejoicing in Times past

Under his cooling Shade ;

His Fruit was Sweet unto my Taste,

O what a Feast I made !

4. Unto his Cellars stor'd with Wines

He caus'd me to remove,

Over my Head abroad he spread

The Banner of his Love.

5. Give Flaggons for a Cordial,

Bring Apples me to chear ;

For I am sick, I faint, I fall,

I languish for my Dear.

6. His Left Hand underneath my Head

For my Support is plac'd ;

His Right Hand over me is spread

And thus I am Embrac'd.

7. O *Salem's* Daughters, you I charge,

Both by the Roe and Hind ;

Ye do not move nor stir my Love,

Until it be his Mind.

8. My Welbeloved's voice of Joy

My Heart with Comfort fills ;

He comes Leaping on Mountains high,

And Skipping on the Hills.

9. My Welbeloved comes in Haste,

Like a sweet footed Roe ;

Nay, my Beloved flees so fast,

Young Hart did never so.

Behind our Wall, lo! He doth stand,
He's at our Windows seen;
He shews himself so near at Hand,
There's but a Grate between.

10. I gladly heard his gracious Tone,
Who thus to me did say,
Rise up, my Love, my Fairest One,
Make haste, and come away.

11. The Season of the Year invites,
The Winter's gone and past;
Behold a Spring of new Delights!
No Rain, nor stormy Blast.

12. The Flowers upon the Earth appear,
The Birds begin to sing;
The People of our Land do hear
The Turtles murmuring.

13. Green Figs upon their Trees are grown,
Young Grapes their Smells display;
Rise up, my Love, my Fairest One,
Make haste, and come away.

14. O my Fair Dove, whose Fairness dwells
In dark Obscurity,
In cloven Rocks, and secret Cells,
Come, shew thy self to me:
O let thy Face to me appear,
Let thy Voice answer mine,
Thy Voice is Musick in mine Ear,
Thy Countenance doth shine.

15. Catch us the Foxes in a Toyl,
The little Foxes catch,
For they our Fruitful Vines do spoil,
Their tender Grapes they snatch.

16. My Well-beloved he is mine,
And I am his indeed;
In Pastures, which with Lillies shine,
He makes his Flock to feed.

17. Till the Day break, and Shades depart,
Beloved, haste to me;
Even as the Roe and tender Hart
On *Bether*-Mountains flee.

The Paraphrase.

CHAP. II. *Christ.*

1. **S**uch is the Power of my sweet Love,
My Church it sweetneth;
It sweetens Earth and Heav'n above,
It sweetens Life and Death.
Such is the Beauty of my Face,
'Tis with such Glories crown'd,
That Solomon's Glory must give place
To what shines me around.
As Lillies in the Vallies grow,
So I the Vallies own;
The Humble are my Heav'n below,
The Lowly are my Throne.

2. No comely Persons can I see
But whom my Grace adorns;
My Church a Lilly is to me,
And all the Rest are Thorns.

The Church.

3. None but a Jesus, none but he!
He is the Chiefest Good;
My Jesus is an Apple-Tree,
And others Barren Wood.
He is a Shadow from the Heat
Of Conscience, Wrath and Hell;
He is true Manna, Heav'nly Meat,
Which feeds his Israel.

The Shadow of his Sacraments
Hath been exceeding good;
Under that Shade a Feast I made
Upon this Flesh and Blood.

4. My Christ is like a Cellar stor'd
With sweet and precious Wine.
What Sweetness found I in my Lord
When he said, I am thine!

As Souldiers to their Colours stand,
And after them do move;
So doth my dearest Lord command,
And draw me by his Love.

5. Nothing but Glory can suffice
The Appetite of Grace;

I long for Christ with restless Eyes,
I languish for his Face.

O take me up, or let me Sup
On Promises Divine;

Those Apples from the Tree of Life,
Those Flaggons full of Wine.

6. How am I Born, whilst sick of Love,
In those blest Hands of his?

His Left my Souls Support doth prove,
His Right my Comfort is.

7. And whilst his Love doth me enflame,
Hear what a Charge I give:

All ye that own his Sacred Name,
Do not his Spirit grieve:

He is all Love, he is my Love,
O do not him abuse.

Do not again put him to Pain,

Dear Christians turn not *Jews* :

Lord, leave us not; yet if thou wilt,
With Tears we'll own thy Right;

But a Departure forc'd by Guilt,
Makes a Tempestuous Night,

8. My dearest Saviour's Voice I hear,
He comes on my Account;

Nothing can stop his full Career,
No, not Corruptions Mount.

9. My Lord makes haste from Heav'n to Earth
And he himself presents,

To Men of a polluted Birth,

By Word and Sacraments:

Tho', like a Wall, our frail Estate
Prevents a perfect Sight,

Yet thro' his Ordinances Grate,
Dart in some Beams of Light.

10. My Lord to me did thus begin,
Arise, my Love, and flee
From World, Flesh, Satan, Self and Sin,
O come away to me !

11. Time was when thou wast cold and dead,
An Heir of Wrath thou wast,
And Vengeance-Storms hung o'er thy Head,
But those sad Days are past.

12. The Flowers of Grace begin to spring
In Thee so hopefully,
That all the Heav'nly Quire doth sing,
Glory to God on High.

13. My Church, thou art my tender Plant,
My Dews have nourish'd Thee ;
Now thou art mine, now thou must grant
Thy Fruit, thy Self to me.

14. My heartless Dove, why dost thou faint
And hide thy self from me ?
Thou know'st not how I love a Saint,
How welcome thou should'st be :
Come, come, before thy Lord appear,
Thy Person joys my sight.
Let me thy Prayers and Praises hear,
Thy voice is my Delight.

15. Ye Men of God, whose Charge it is
In God's Courts to attend ;

Refrain

Refrain those Enemies of his
Which do his Church offend.

16. Mine, through my Faith, is my dear Lord,
His, through his Love, am I ;
He feeds his People with his Word,
Which tastes most pleasantly.

17. He feeds them with his Word of Grace,
Till Glories Day appears ;
Which all the Shades away shall chase
Of Sins, and Grievs, and Fears.
Come Love, come Lord, come that long Day,
My earnest Expectation ;
Shovel these Days out of the Way,
These Hills of Separation.

The VERSION

CHAP. III. *The Church.*

1. **H**IM whom my Soul doth love I sought
By Night upon my Bed ;
I sought him, but I found him not,
My Soul's Delight was fled.

2. And slug I here ? I'll now arise
And go about the Town ;
I'll search the Streets and Broader Ways
Until I find my own.

Up did I get, and out I went,
My Dearest to regain ;
But when I had my Labour spent,
Alas ! It was in vain.

3. The

3. The City watch did light on me,
Of whom I did enquire
In any Street, pray did ye see
The Man whom I admire?

4. 'Twas but a little while that I
Had from the Watch-men pass'd,
But I did find my only Joy,
And then I held him fast;
I held, and would not let him go
Till I had brought him home
Into my Mother's House, and so
Into my Native Room.

5. O Salem's Daughters, you I charge
Both by the Roe and Hind,
Ye do not move nor 'wake my Love
Until it be his Mind.

The Daughters of Jerusalem.

6. *What smoaky Pillars strait from hence
Out of that Desart rises,
Perfum'd with Myrrh and Frankinsence,
And all the Merchants Spices?*

The Church.

7. Such Ornaments his Bed do grace
As Solomon's Bed commend,
Where Threescore Men of Israel's Race
His valiant Guards attend.

8. They all hold Swords courageously,
They all know how to Fight;

Each

Each hath his Sword upon his Thigh,
Because of Fear i'th, Night.

The Chariot of King *Solomon*,
Which for himself had made,
Was of the Wood of *Lebanon*,
Which Silver Pillars had.

10. Gold was the bottom and above
Rich Purple cover'd it ;
The midst whereof was pav'd with Love,
For *Salem's* Daughter Fit.

11. Look, Virgins, on King *Solomon*,
His Crown so Rich, so Gay,
Wherewith his Mother Crown'd him on
His Joyful Marriage-day.

The Paraphrase.

CHAP. III. *The Church.*

1. **O**Nce did I seek my dearest Lord,
But with a sleepy Mind ;
His presence he did not afford ;
Slack Seekers cannot find.

2. Shall I, said I, forego my Christ,
And so close up mine Eyes ?
No, no, he was so dearly mist,
I could not but arise.

My Bed was Thorns, no Bed for me,
Nothing could give me rest,
Till I my dearest Lord might see,
And lean upon his Breast :

When

When private Means could not prevail,
 In publick him I sought;
 I waited till my Eyes did fail,
 Alas! I found him not.

3. God's holy Watchmen did me find,
 Of whom I did enquire,
 Pray, can ye help my troubled Mind,
 Which doth a Christ desire?
 O happy Stars, if ye might be
 My Guides to Jesus now!
 Seers, did ye my Saviour see?
 Pray tell me where and how?
 Means must be us'd, but cannot heal
 Without a Sov'reign Word;
 Christ only can himself reveal,
 And still I lack'd my Lord.

4. One dark Hour more I did sustain,
 And then the Night was past;
 Tho' I had sought so long in vain,
 I found my Lord, at last;
 I found my Lord, and held him fast,
 And would not let him part;
 My New-found Jesus I embrac'd,
 And lodg'd him in my Heart:
 I would not lose my Christ again,
 And gain a Second Hell;
 My Prayers and Tears did him constrain
 Within my Soul to dwell:
 As Clouds are pierc'd with powerful Light,
 His Beams thro' me did shine;

His dear Assemblies saw this Sight,
And joy'd that Christ was mine.

5: Christ's Love my Heart doth so inflame,
This Charge I needs must give,

All ye that own his Sacred Name

Do not his Spirit grieve.

He is all Love, he is my Love,

O do not him abuse!

Do not again put him to Pain,

Dear Christians turn not *Jews*.

Lord, leave us not; yet if thou wilt,

With Tears we'll own thy Right;

But a Departure forc'd by Guilt

Makes a Tempestuous Night.

Weak Believers.

6. *What Heav'nly Souls from Earth arise,
And do at Heav'n aspire!*

*They mount, they soar, they fix their Eyes
On God their chief Desire.*

*Earth's Wilderness they nobly scorn,
Whilst others rake for it;*

*Heav'n's Graces them do so Adorn,
That they for Heav'n are fit.*

The Church.

7: Admire not me, but my dear Lord
Whose Bosom gives me rest;

Whose Angels watch with one accord,

That none should me molest.

8. The

8. These Heav'nly Guards are full of Might,
And ready do they stand,
For to defend his Churches Right,
When he shall them command:
When Darkness breeds tormenting Fear,
Then Help comes from on High;
A strength'ning Angel doth appear
A midst that Agony.
9. Heav'n is the high and glorious Throne
Of my most glorious Lord;
Who yet on Earth rides up and down
Ith' Chariot of his Word.
10. His Word is Rich, and Strong, and Pure,
As all his Saints do prove;
Who of its true Intent are sure,
And find, its Heart is Love.
11. Go ye that own the highest Name,
Behold a glorious Shew,
How the Almighty spreads his Fame,
And what his Word can do!
His mighty King rides Conquering,
His Word goes forth with Might,
Which wokes and wins the Slaves of Sin;
Both by its Force and Light:
Those Slaves their Hellish Lords forsake,
And Christ do humbly own;
And as his Spouse he them doth take,
And wears them as his Crown.
That was their Need, greater his Love,
Than their Necessity.

As well they may, glad do they prove,
But not so glad as he.

The VERSION.

CHAP. IV. *Christ.*

- i. **L**O, thou art Fair, my only Love,
My Love, lo! Thou art Fair;
Thine Eyes are like those of the Dove,
Within thy Locks of Hair.
Thy Hairy Locks are like Goats Flocks,
Which from Mount Gilead look;
2. So are thy Teeth like well-shorn Sheep,
Come from the Washing Brook.
They pregnant are as well as Fair,
For Fruits as well as View;
For each of them her Twins doth bear,
There's not one barren Ewe.
3. Thy Lips are like a Scarlet-thread,
Thy Speech is sweet and fine;
Within thy Locks thy Temples Red
Like broke Pomegranates shine.
4. Thy Neck is like to David's Tower,
Strong built, and raised high;
A Thousand Shields for Men of Power
Hang in that Armoury.
5. Thy Two Breasts are like Two Young Roes
Well shap'd; and well agreed;
For they are loving Twins, and those
Among the Lillies feed.

6. Until the Day have chas'd away
The Dusky Shades, I will
Betake me to the Mount of Myrrh;
And to the Incense-Hill.
7. All over Fair, my Love, thou art,
And so thou seem'st to me;
There is not one uncomely Part,
Not one dark Spot, in thee.
8. Come Love, with me from Lebanon,
From Lebanon with me,
Since thou and I are join'd in One
Thy Lebanon I'll be.
From Shenir's Top, from Hermon look,
And from Amana high;
Those Lions Dens must be forsook,
And where the Leopards lye.
9. My Spouse, my Sister, thou hast gain'd
A perfect Victory
Over my Heart by thy bright Chain,
And by thy brighter Eye.
10. How Fair and Pleasant is thy Love!
My dearest Spouse to me!
O how I prize it far above
The richest Wines that be!
O how my Sister's Ointments smell!
What Sweetness do they yield!
This pleasant Scent doth far excel
The sweet Arabian Field.
11. Thy Lips drop like the Honey-comb,
There Milk with Honey flow;

I smell the Smells of Lebanon from
The Garments of my Spouse.

12. My Sister and my Spouse is veil'd,
That she may be suppos'd,
A Spring shut up, a Fountain seal'd,
A Garden well inclos'd.

13. Thou hast a pleasant Nursery,
Where sweet Pomegranates grow,
And Fruits which please both Taste and Eye,
There too the Spices flow.

14. As Camphire, Spikenard, Calamus,
Saffron and Cinamon,
Myrrh, Aloes and Incense Trees,
With each Spice of Renown.

15. A Garden fountain is my Love,
A Living Well is she,
Like Lebanon's Streams which swiftly move,
And down to Jordan flee.

The Church.

16. Am I a Garden, Then, O North,
Awake, and on it breathe!
Thy quick'ning Breath will summon forth
The Odours from Beneath.
Am I a Garden? Then O South,
Come, on this Garden blow!
One Sovereign Blast out of thy Mouth
Will make its Spices flow,
Then, then, into his Paradise,
Let my Beloved come,

And

And eat his Fruits, and get his Spice,
And count himself at home.

The Paraphrase.

CHAP. IV. *Christ.*

1. **M***Y dearest Church, I do admire
The Beauties of thy Mind,
So Meek, so Harmless, so Entire,
So Loyal and so Kind.
Ev'n thy Profession I esteem,
Because it springs from Grace,
Which makes thee yet more comely seem,
As Hair adorns the Face.*
2. *Thy Pastors, which prepare thy Food,
Do in their Minds agree :
Their Lives and Doctrines both are Good,
And bring much Fruit to me.*
3. *Thy Speech so season'd is with Grace
That many Hearts it moves ;
And Graces colour in thy Face
Its great Advantage proves.*
4. *Thy Faith which joins thee to thy Head,
Doth shield thine inward Parts ;
This Shield hath oft extinguish'd
The Devil's fiery Darts.*
5. *The Two Breasts of thy Testaments,
Most friendly do accord ;
Which Nourishment and sweet Content
To new-born Babes afford.*

The Cries of a distressed Soul,
 These Breasts of Comfort still,
 These Breasts make glad whom Sin makes sad,
 These Breasts the Hungry fill.
 6. The Word is here the Churches Fare,
 And Faith the Churches Light,
 Till Shades give way to Glories Day,
 Then shall she live by Sight:
 Mean while my gracious Presence shall
 Her dear Assemblies fill;
 Her Prayers shall be most Sweet to me,
 Sweet as the Incense-Hill.
 Mean while my glorious Presence shall
 Fill Heav'n, that holy Ground,
 Where Cherubims and Seraphims
 Their Hallelujahs sound.
 7. My dearest Church, how clear art thou,
 On whom no Sin remains!
 My Blood apply'd hath purify'd
 Thee from thy Guilt and Stains.
 Thou art to me as white as Snow;
 And tho' thou sinnest still,
 Grace keeps thee in, thou can'st not sin,
 With full Consent of Will.
 Let my Fair Glories thee entice
 To come along with me;
 Forsake thine earthly Paradise,
 Thy Paradise I'll be.
 Birth, Pleasures, Riches, Friends and Fame,
 Are all summ'd up in me;

O that thou knew'st how good I am!

Come now and taste and see.

This World's an howling Wilderness,

Fill'd with the Beasts of Prey;

Whilst that they rage, roar, and oppress,

On Canaan fix thine Eye.

9. My Heaven-born Spouse, whom I embrace,

My Joy and Crown thou art;

Thine Eye of Faith, thy Chain of Grace,

Have overcome my Heart.

10. My Dearest Spouse of Heav'nly Birth,

Thy Love is more to me

Than all the Pleasures of the Earth

And Sweet thy Graces be.

11. Thy Speeches in thy Heart are bred,

And sweetly do they flow;

Thy Works do such a Savour spread,

As Lebanon's Spices do.

12. Disguised to the World thou go'st,

Heaven in a Mystery;

To me thou runn'st, to me thou flow'st,

None knows thy Worth but I.

As thou art mine, so I am thine,

My Love doth guard thy Heart;

Thy Heart's with me, my Love's with thee,

My Church, how safe thou art!

13, 14. My Church thou art a Paradise,

Where Fruits and Spices grow,

Fair are thy Fruits, and from thy Spice
The sweetest Odours flow.

Thy tender Plants thy Children are,
Their Graces Fruits and Spice;
I am the Tree of Life in thee,
My Church, my Paradise.

15. Thou art a Spring, which to thy Plants
Dost thy pure Streams derive;
Under thine Eye and Ministry
Thy blest Assemblies thrive.

The Church.

16. My Lord, if I a Garden am,
Then let thy Spirit blow,
And with its Gales refresh the same,
And make my Graces flow.
And when thy Spirit thus hath blown,
And I do flourish most,
Then let my dearest Lord come down,
And feed upon his Cost.
So poor I am, so great thou art,
Thee, Lord, how can I feast?
Furnish the Table of my Heart,
Then come and be my Guest.

The VERSION.

CHAP. V. Christ.

1. I'M come into a Paradise,
My Sister and my Spouse;
I've gather'd of my Myrrh and Spice
Which in my Garden grows.

My Honey-comb and Honey too
 Have been my sweet Repast;
 My Wine, my Milk, which here do flow,
 Have cheer'd my Heart and Taste.
 My Friends and dear Companions,
 Come feast your selves with me;
 Drink, O my Well-beloved Ones,
 Tea, Drink abundantly.

The Church.

2. I sleep, but yet my Heart doth wake;
 Hark, my Beloved One
 Doth Knock and Call. I can't mistake
 His Knock, his Tread, his Tone:
 Open to me, my Father's Child;
 Open to me, my Love,
 Open to me, my Undefil'd,
 Open to me, my Dove;
 Open to me, that wait for thee;
 My Head is fill'd with Dew,
 And all my Locks with Ev'ning Drops;
 Let's have an Interview.
 3. My Coat is off, and how shall I
 Put on my Coat again?
 Should I come o'er the dusty Floor,
 My washed Feet to stain?
 4. My Dearest then by the Key-hole
 His willing Hand did move,
 Which when I did perceive, my Soul
 Was touch'd with Grief and Love.

Rouz'd

5. Rouz'd by this Passion I did stir,
And answer'd to his Call;
My Hands and Fingers dropp'd with Myrrh
Which from the Lock did fall.
6. Then did I open to my Dear,
But he (alas!) Was gone;
He whom I did so lately hear,
Methoughts I was undone!
I sought him whom my Soul ador'd,
But him I could not have,
I call'd and cry'd, my Love, my Lord!
But he no answer gave.
7. Then did the cruel City-watch
Smite me, and wound me sore;
The Keepers of the Wall did snatch
Away the Veil I wore.
8. O Daughters of *Jerusalem*!
I charge you if ye find
My glorious Dear, that he may hear
My Love afflicts my Mind.

The Daughters of Jerusalem.

9. *What Jewel is this Dear of thine,*
O Fairest let us know?
Wherein does thine Others out shine,
That thou dost charge us so?

The Church.

10. My dear Delight is Red and White,
The Lilly and the Rose;

So sweet a Grace adorns his Face,
Ten Thousand he out-goes.

11. His Head is like the finest Gold,
And curled Locks doth wear,
Which do the Ravens Colour hold,
So comely is his Hair.

12. His Eyes are like the Eyes of Doves
Which on the Banks are met,
And do the Streams of Water love,
Milk washt and fitly set.

13. His Cheeks are like a spicey Bed,
Where all Perfumes do meet ;
His Lips like Lillies, whence is shed
The Myrrh that smells so Sweet.

14. His Hands are like the *Chrysolite*
In Rings of Gold display'd,
His Belly is like ivory Bright,
With *Sapphires* overlaid.

15. His Legs like Marble Pillars are
On Golden Sockets set,
His Face like *Lebanon*, is most Fair,
Like *Cedars* most compleat.
His Mouth is most exceeding Sweet,
Yea, he is wholly so ;
Down from his Head unto his Feet
With Sweetness he doth flow.
O *Salem's* Daughters, this is he
Of whom ye did enquire ;

This is the Friend that loveth me,
This is my Heart's Desire.

The Paraphrase.

G H A P. V. *Christ.*

1. **M***Y Love (my Dearest) hath me brought
Whither thou didst invite ;
Thy Graces which my Hand hath wrought,
Have been my Soul's Delight.
Thou art a Vine, which with thy Wine
Both God and Man dost cheer ?
Feed on the Fruits prepar'd in thee,
A constant Feast is there.*

The Church.

2. Such Drowfiness doth me possess,
I live and yet I die;
Some Life I have, no Liveliness,
How Dark and Cold am I!
Here in the Dark and Deep I grope,
Who us'd to live above ;
Where is my Faith ? Where is my Hope ?
Where is my wonted Love ?
It is no Stranger's Voice I hear,
I know it is my Lord's ;
He knocks both at my Heart and Ear,
These are his loving Words ;
Open to me, my Father's Child,
Open to me, my Love,
Open to me, my Undeſil'd,
Open to me, my Dove.

My gracious Patience hath stood
 Long waiting at thy Door ;
 I would I enter for thy Good ;
 Slight not thy Saviour.
 One would have thought such melting
 Should break an Heart of Steel, (Words
 but I (Alas !) so stupid was
 Their Force I did not feel :
 My Answer was to this Effect,
 Lord now I am at Ease ;
 And Lord, if I should thee respect,
 My Friends I should displease :
 Thy Service, Lord, would cost me dear,
 The World would me molest,
 Thy heavy Cross how can I bear ?
 Do not Disturb my rest.
 My Lord to this made no Reply,
 Only on me he cast
 A sad and a rebuking Eye,
 On which this Sense I pass'd ;
 Dost thou my Patience thus requite,
 To make it longer bear ?
 Dost all my Love and Sufferings slight ?
 I look'd for better Fare ;
 This stirr'd my Love, my Grief and Shame,
 Which put me to much Pain,
 That I resolv'd whatever came,
 To own my Christ again,
 Accurst Temptations, be ye gone,
 And do not me restrain ;

Satan

Satan Avaunt, let me alone,
 I'll have my Christ again :
 This Resolution gave some ease
 To my distressed Mind ;
 My Griefs did then begin to cease
 When I to Christ inclin'd :
 6. But when I did my self address
 My Saviour to embrace,
 Alas! For my Unworthiness
 My Saviour hid his Face.
 For he is Great as well as Good,
 And will not be disdain'd ;
 Then his kind Words, which I withstood,
 My Conscience sorely pain'd :
 O then I wish'd a Thousand times
 That I had been so wise,
 To shake off my Security
 When Christ bade me arise.
 I sought him daily in his Word,
 But him I could not have ;
 I call'd and cry'd, my Love, my Lord !
 But he no answer gave.
 7. Earth did oppress whom Heav'n forsook,
 Nothing but Grief I found,
 For they who to my Soul should look
 My Soul did pierce and wound.
 Their Words and Deeds did both conspire
 To grieve my grieved Heart ;
 Their Scorns and Jears were Swords and Spears
 Which did increase my Smart.

But still my greatest Wound was here,
My Lord I could not find ;
Had I my Lord I should not care
Tho' others prov'd unkind.

8. Another Course I straight-way took,
I did repair to those

Who *Sion*-wards do often look,
And did my Case propose.

Blest Souls, said I, who oft attend
At the Almighty's Court,
My Case to you I do commend,
That you may it report:

A Lord I have, or rather had,
My Well beloved One ;

His Presence us'd to make me glad,
But, Ah, my Lord is gone!

If when you pray he should acquaint
You with his Love and Grace,

Tell him from me, my Heart doth faint
And languish for his Face.

9. Who is, said they, this Lord of thine?
O Fairest, let us know,

Wherein does thine Others out-shine,
That thou dost charge us so ;

10. My dearest Lord is White and Red ;
White thro' his Purity,

Red thro' his Blood which he did shed
For such an one as I

Was he not Red, but only White,
The Lilly, not the Rose,

He might delight the Angels Sight,
But I am none of those.
Was he not White, but only Red,
A Sufferer for his Sin,
His Blood would rest upon his Head,
Nor could I Joy therein:
But my dear Lord is White and Red,
This Mixture pleaseth me;
For, for my Sins he suffered;
When he from Sin was free.
What a reviving Sight is this?
A righteous Saviour's Blood;
The Bath of Sin, the Spring of Bliss,
Most Pure, most Sweet and Good.
The fond enchanted World admires
Their Idols here below;
Their creeping, grovelling, poor, Desires
Their Childish Minds do show.
Did but my glorious Lord appear,
O did they him but know,
What formerly their Glories were,
Would be no longer so.
The lesser Lights all disappear
When once my Sun doth shine;
And tho' Ten Thousand Lords were here
None could be like to mine.
My Lord he is the King of Kings,
The Fairest of all Fairs;
Of all your fine and boasted Things
None with my Lord compares.

What's

What's your thick Clay? Your Stones bring
Which ye your Jewels call; (forth
My Lord, he is of real Worth,
And goes beyond them all.

1. His Godhead and his Government
Are infinitely Pure,
Most Glorious, and most Excellent,
And ever shall endure.

2. His is a pure and piercing Eye,
Thro' all the Earth it moves,
Which the dark Hypocrite doth spy,
And secret Good approves.

3. His Cheeks appear most bright and Clear
When he himself doth show;
Methinks I in a Garden walk
Where Flowers and Spices grow.

When he doth my Affections stir,
And speaks unto my Mind,
Methinks the Lillies drop with Myrrh,
Such Savour do I find.

A sweet a Grace adorns his Face,
His Face like Heav'n doth shine;
And O what Musick do I hear
When he saith, I am thine!

His Hands are like to Rings of Gold;
The Works of my Dear Lord,
So Bright and Comely to behold;
His Works fulfil his Word.

The tender Bowels of his Love
How precious they be!

When I am griev'd his Bowels move,
And loudly plead for me.

The sweet Proceedings of my Lord
Are like his Purposes;
Holy and Pure, and Firm and Sure,
Both Love and Stedfastness.

His Countenance Majestical
All Rev'rence doth command;
If he but frowns on us we fall,
But if he smiles we stand.

16. His Mouth is most exceeding Sweet,
All Sweetness like an Hive;
One Word of his like Honey is,
O how it doth revive;

As I begun should I go on
My dearest Lord to Limn,
You'd say, all Sweets compacted are
And summed up in him.

My Lord is Larger than Desires,
Fairer than Words can show;
One comely Part fond Earth admires,
My Lord is wholly so.

O Heav'n born Souls, this, this is he
Of whom ye did enquire;
This is the Friend that loveth me,
This is my Heart's Desire.

The VERSION.

CHAP. VI. *The Daughters of Jerufalem.*

1. **E** *Airest of Fairs, if thus it be,
O whither is he gone?
Tell us, that we may seek with thee
This thy Beloved One.*

The Church.

2. Down to his Garden he is gone,
Where Beds of Spices are,
That he may feed and feast thereon,
And gather Lillies there.
3. I am my Well-beloved Ones,
My Well-beloved's mine,
He feeds and treads in pleasant Meads,
Where the bright Lillies shine.

Christ.

4. My Love, like Tirzah, thou art Neat,
And like Jerufalem,
And like an Army so compleat,
Men fly for Fear of them.
5. O turn away thine Eyes from me,
Thy bright and sparkling Eyes,
To bear so great Felicity,
My Strength doth not suffice.
Thy hairy Locks are like Goats Flocks
Which from Mount Gilead look;
6. So are thy Teeth like well-shorn Sheep
Come from the Washing-brook.

96 / The Song of Songs

They Pregnant are as well as Fair,
 For Fruit as well as View ;
 For each of them her Twins doth bear,
 There's not one barren Ewe.

7. As broke Pomegranate seemeth Red,
 And shines exceeding clear,
 So do the Temples of thy Head
 Within thy Locks appear.

8. Thrice Twenty Queens together stand,
 And Fourscore Concubines,
 And Virgins like the num'rous Sand,
 Which to the Sea adjoins.

9. Myspotless Dove she is but one,
 The Darling of her Mother,
 Who loves and prizes her alone,
 She knows not such another.

The Daughters saw her comely Lines,
 And prais'd her lovely Face ;
 Yea, all the Queens and Concubines
 Admir'd her beauteous Grace.

10. What Morn looks forth? What Moon is there
 What Sun may yonder be ?
 Fierce Troops with Flags display'd appear,
 O what a One is she !

11. To the Nut-Garden down I went
 To see the Fruits below,
 Whether the Vines their Grapes did vent,
 And the Pomegranates grow.

2. My Soul gave me a sudden Twitch,
And made me nimbly slide,
Like those swift Chariots in which
Amminadab did ride.

3. Return, return; O Shulamite,
Return, return apace
That we may look with much Delight
Upon thy glorious Face.

What in the Shulamite I pray
Do ye expect to see?

Two Armies set in good Array!
Even such a one is she.

The Paraphrase.

CHAP. VI. The Church.

WHilst thus my dearest Lord I prais'd
As I could do no less,
They heard, they look'd, they stood amaz'd
At my great Happiness.
And when I ceas'd they thus reply'd,
O Fairest we must needs
Congratulate thy blest Estate,
Which ours so far exceeds.
That we were in such a Case
As we perceive thou art!
That our Souls might find a Place
In thy Beloved's Heart!
Whither is thy Beloved gone?
Pray, let us go with thee,

- To seek thy Well beloved One,
 Whose Face we fain would see.
2. If you my dearest Lord would see
 Then go unto his Court
 Look where his Saints assembled be,
 Thither you must resort :
 For they his Pleasure-Gardens are,
 Where he delights to be,
 They are his Comfort and his Care,
 There you my Lord may see.
 Some Souls he breeds, and some he feeds,
 Others he doth remove
 Hence from his lower Gardens, to
 His Paradise above.
3. I am my Well-beloved Ones,
 My Well-beloved's mine ;
 Tome his Love a Feast doth prove
 Beyond the richest Wine.

Christ.

4. *My dearest Church, on whom I see
 A Fair and Royal Stamp,
 All Sweetness join'd with Majesty,
 Thou art both Court and Camp.*
5. *Thy Prayers are Arms, thy Praises Charms,
 Thy Love is like a Dart ;
 Thy Faith and Graces are so strong
 They overcome my Heart.
 Thy fair Profession I esteem,
 Because it springs from Grace,*

- Which makes thee yet more comely seem,
 As Hair Adorns the Face.
7. Thy Pastors which prepare thy Food
 Do in their Minds agree,
 Their Lives and Doctrines both are Good,
 And bring much Fruit to me.
8. Thy Countenance so shines with Grace,
 That many Hearts it moves,
 And Graces Colour in thy Face
 Its great Advantage proves.
9. The World presents its glorious Shews,
 But what are those to me?
 In my dear Church, my only Spouse,
 All Glories do I see.
10. Earth's Pride would soon confounded be
 Should but my Spouse appear
 Who to her Mother and to me
 Is so exceeding dear.
- Her noble Birth and real Worth
 Have gain'd her so much Fame,
 The greatest Princes of the Earth
 Have prais'd her worthy Name.
11. Her Sweetness join'd with Majesty
 Her Presence much endear'd;
 Her Power with her Purity
 Made her both lov'd and fear'd.
12. I have been with my new born Saints,
 I have been down to see
 What Buds were on my tender Plants,
 What Hopes of Fruit for me.

12. When my Dear Church I hid my Face
 Thou did'st thy self bemoan;
 I did but prove thy faithful Love
 When thou thought'st I was gone.
 My Bowels yearn'd when thou didst cry,
 My Love did me constrain,
 To haste apace and shew my Face
 To thy griev'd Soul again.
13. Return, return, my dearest Church,
 Return, return to me,
 The Heav'nly Quire and I desire
 Thy Blessed Face to see.
 My Heav'nly Host, if ye would know
 My Churches State and Case,
 She is another Host below,
 And of an awful Grace.

The VERSION.

CHAP. VII. Christ.

1.  Daughters of a Prince, how Fair
 Are both thy Shooes and Feet!
 Thy Joints and Thighs like Jewels are,
 Wrought by a Hand Discreet.
2. Thy Navel as a Cup compleat
 With Liquour doth abound;
 Thy Belly's like an Heap of Wheat,
 Which Lillies do surround.
3. Thy Two Breasts are like Two young Roes,
 Well shap'd and well agreed,

Both

Both which are loving Twins, and those
Among the Lillies feed.

4. Thy Neck like Ivory is most Fair,
And like a Tower most Straight;

Thine Eyes like Heshbon-Pools, which are
Hard by Bath-Rabbim Gate.

Thy Nose is like to Lebanon's Tower,
The Tower which doth command
Damascus-town, the chiefeſt Flower
Of all the Syrian Land.

5. Thine Head on thee like Carmel is,
Thine Hair like Purple ſtain'd,

Thy Galleries ſo take his Eyes,
The King is their detain'd.

6. How Fair art thou, how Pleaſant art
My Love unto my Sight;

So ſweetly grac'd in every Part,
Thou art my whole Delight.

7. Unto a Palm-tree I compare
Thy Stature Straight and Fine;

Thy Breasts appear both Full and Fair,
Like Cluster of the Vine.

8. I ſaid I will this Palm-tree climb,
I'll ſearch her Branches well;

Thy Breasts ſhall now like Clusters ſhew,
Thy Nose like Apples ſmell.

9. Thy Palate's like the choiceſt Wine
Which for my Friend I keep,

Which ſweetly flows, and cauſeth thoſe
To ſpeak that are aſleep.

The Church.

10. I am my Well-beloved's own,
And he is wholly mine;
The Stream of his Affection
Doth towards me in incline.
11. Come, my Beloved, let us go
Into the Fields abroad;
And in the Villages below
Let's take up our Abode.
12. Let's get up Early in the Morn,
And to the Vineyards go,
To see what Fruits the Trees adorn,
Whether the Vine doth grow:
Whether the tender Grapes appear,
And the Pomegranates thrive,
(The Hopes of the ensuing Year)
There thee my Loves I'll give.
13. Thy Mandrakes smell, and at our Door
All pleasant Fruits there be,
Both New and Old, which are my Store
Laid up, my Love, for thee.

*The Paraphrase.*C H A P. VII. *Christ.*

- I. **O** Daughter of the Mighty God,
How comely are thy Feet?
With Gospel-preparation shod,
Thy Carriage how Discreet?

2. *Thou*

2. Thou art both Fair and fruitful too,
Great Numbers thou dost breed,
Which with good Meals the Word and Seals
Thou liberally dost feed.

3. The Two Breasts of thy Testaments
Most friendly do accord.
Which Nourishment and sweet Content
To new-born Babes afford.
The Cries of a distressed Soul
These Breasts of Comfort still ;
These Breasts make glad whom Sin makes sad,
These Breasts the Hungry fill.

4. Thy Faith is thy strong Fort and Tower,
Thine Understanding clear ;
Thy judging and discerning Power
Informs when Danger's near.
Thy Christ, thy Head of Eminence,
All others doth exceed ;
Thy Christ, thy Head of Influence,
Thy Grace doth keep and feed.

5. When thine Assemblies exercise
Their Graces freely given,
The King walks in those Galleries
As in another Heaven.

6. My Church, who art most New, most Fair,
How Dear art thou and Sweet,
In whom all Sweets compacted are,
In whom all Graces meet ?

7. Under thy Weight thou flourishest
As the stout Palm-tree doth ;
My Church, the more thou art deprest,
The greater is thy growth.
The Breasts of thy Two Testaments,
Like Clusters of the Vines,
Are full of Juice, which for thy Use
Yield Store of Heav'nly Wine.
8. When I perceiv'd thy Soul to thrive
Like to a fruitful Tree,
Then I drew near, that I might chear
And joy myself in thee.
Nor did I empty-handed come,
But added to thy Store ;
God's Word came then more near and bome
Thy Graces scented more.
9. Thy speech is like the choicest Wine,
So lovely and so Strong,
It makes the Sinner's Heart Divine,
And sanctifies his Tongue.

The Church.

10. My dearest Lord's Affection,
I cannot but admire ;
I am my Well-beloved's own,
I am his Hearts Desire.
11. I gladly with my Lord could talk,
And spend both Night and Day,
Come, Lord, let us together walk,
Let us together stay.

12. Come

12. Come let's go see what Fruits and Flowers
Adorn thy Garden-place,
Under the Sun-shine and the Showers
Of Days and Means of Grace.
Could I but see thy Children Spring,
And in an happy Frame,
How should I rejoice and sing,
And love thee for the same!
13. Thy Saints their Services present,
Which of sweet Savour be;
Saints New and Old within my Tent
Are kept for Heav'n and thee.

The VERSION.

CH A P. VIII. *The Church.*

1. **I** Would to God thou wert as near
To me as is my Brother,
That fill'd the Lap and suck'd the Paps,
Of my most tender Mother.
When I without should light on thee,
Then I thy Lips would kiss;
Yea, I should not despised be,
Nor disesteem'd for this.
2. I'd bring thee to my Mother's Tent,
Who would instruct me there;
Pomegranate-wine of pleasant scent
Should be thy Royal Fare.
3. His Left Hand underneath my Head
Should lovingly be plac'd,

His

His Right Hand o'er me should be spread,
Thus should I be embrac'd.

4. Ye Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
'Tis you I charge and bind,
Not once to move or wake my Love
Until it be his Mind.

The Daughters of Jerusalem.

5. *Out of the Desert doth ascend*
A comely Sight to see,
One leaning on her dearest Friend,
O what a one is she !

The Church.

- Under the shady Apple-tree
Thee did I raise and rear ;
Thy Mother travell'd there with thee,
Thy native Place was there.
6. O seal thine Image on mine Heart,
O seal it on mine Arm,
For Love, like Death, doth cast its Dart,
And Jealousie is warm :
'Tis like the Grave, whose keen Desire
Nothing can satisfy ;
The Coals thereof are Coals of Fire
That flame most vehemently.
7. Waters can't quench Love's Flame, nor Flood
Can Love's Height overflow ;
If one for Love would give his Goods,
The Price would be too low.

The Jewish Church.

8. No Breasts on our small Sister grow,
Nor is she yet admir'd;
What shall we for our Sister do,
When she shall be desir'd?

Christ.

9. *We'll build on her a Silver Court,
If she a Wall shall be;
Or if a Door, her we'll support
With Boards of Cedar Tree.*

The Jewish Church.

10. I am a Wall both Strong and Tall,
My Breasts like Towers are round;
(I then his Sight did much delight,
As one that Favour found.)

Christ.

11. *At Baal-Hammon King Solomon
A Vineyard did possess;*

Keeper he sent to the Intent

They might his Vineyard dress:

And thus with them he did agree,

That for the Fruit it gave

A Thousand Silver Pieces he

Of each of them should have.

12. *My Vineyard which belongs to me*

I know not how to spare;

It ever lyes before mine Eyes,

It is my constant Care.

*But thou, O Solomon, must have
A Thousand for thy Gains;
And those that keep its Fruit may crave
Two Hundred for their Pains.*

13. *And now Farewel thou that dost dwell
In Gardens here below;
As thy Companions hear thy Voice
So let me hear it too.*

The Church.

14. *Haste my Beloved like a Roe
Which soon her Course fulfils;
O that thou wert like a young Hart
Upon the Spicy Hills!*

The Paraphrase.

CHAP. VIII. *The Church.*

1. **L**ORD, that thou wert as near to me
As is my Mother's Son,
Such Freedom should I have with thee
As if we both were One.
I would impart my very Heart
To one that was so near,
Whose Nearness should advance my Love
Above all slavish Fear.
2. God's Holy Church, my Mother Dear,
Should me such Lectures read;
I should provide such Heav'nly Chear,
Whereon thou lov'it to feed.
3. And then shouldst thou thy Love display,
The Riches of thy Grace,

Thy

Thy Left Hand then my Head should stay,
 Thy Right my Heart embrace.
 Christ's Love my Heart doth so inflame,
 This Charge I needs must give,
 All ye that own his Sacred Name
 Do not his Spirit grieve.
 Lord, leave us not ; if yet thou wilt
 With Tears we'll own thy Right ;
 But a Departure forc'd by Guilt
 Makes a tempestuous Night.

Weak Christians.

*What strange aspiring Souls are those
 Which do this World disdain,
 Who on their Lord themselves repose,
 Heav'n's Kingdom to obtain.*

The Church.

Under thine Ordinances Shade
 I sought and found thine Aid,
 Or there thine Entrance first was made,
 Thy Graces first convey'd.
 Lord bear my Name upon thy Breast,
 Engrave it on thine Heart ;
 Here let it be so sure possess'd
 It thence shall ne'er depart.
 Or Love, like Death, doth cast a Dart
 Which wounds me to the Quick ;
 My Presence, Lord, Supports my Heart,
 Thine Absence makes it Sick.

H

Shouldst

Shouldst thou but seemingly disdain
 My Heart so deep engag'd,
 I should be tortur'd with such Pain
 As could not be asswag'd.

O love me, Lord, or else I die!

Thee, Lord, my Love doth crave!

My Lord, shouldst thou my Love deny,
 My Love would be my Grave.

My Love doth flame, my Jealousie
 So burns my Heart and Eyes,

I must embrace my Lord, or I
 Must be Love's Sacrifice.

7. Whole Seas of Trouble cannot quench
 Love's everlasting Fire;

Though Hell oppose, whom I have chose,
 I cannot but admire.

None but a Christ, none but my Lord,
 No Bribes, can take with me;

A proffer'd World would be abhorr'd;
 A Christ, and none but he!

The Jewish Church.

8. Remember the blind Nations, Lord,
 Who in a Dungeon grope,

And lack the Sunshine of thy Word,
 Yet Pris'ners are of Hope.

When once the Hour of thy Design
 Hath on these Captives shone,

When they are call'd and own'd for thine
 What shall be further done?

Christ

p. If they be constant to my Name,
And firmly hold my VVord,
They shall be blest with Strength and Fame,
And honour'd by their Lord,
If they will open at my Call,
That I with them may dwell,
I'll hold them fast, and make them last
Against the Gates of Hell.

The Jewish Church.

o. Lord, I am constant to thy Name;
And firmly hold thy Word;
I had a Smile upon the same
From my most gracious Lord.)

Christ:

1. I nor admire nor imitate
Those who their Vineyards let;
Who of their Profit do abate
That they some Ease may get.
2. My Church and Vineyard is alway
My Care and my Delight;
My Self keep it every Day,
And watch it every Night.
rest by my Hand, watch'd by my Eye,
Its Fruit to me abounds;
The Praise of its fertility
Wholly to me redounds.

13. *My dearest Church, who art compos'd
Of divers Companies,
Now we have both our Minds disclos'd,
I'll end with this Advice.
As all the Members give an Ear
Unto thy gracious Strain,
So let me often from thee hear
Until we meet again.*

The Church.

14. *Ah my Dear Saviour! Pity me,
Preserve me in thy Heart;
And Oh make haste, make haste, that we
May meet and never part.*

D I V E S

AND

L A Z A R U S

IN *Judah's Vale* a Man of Wealth abode,
Vile as a Beast, yet worshipp'd as a God,
Who *Tyrian* Cloaths, and *Egypt's* Linen ware,
And on whose Table met Land, Sea and Air.

Benea

Dives and Lazarus.

I

Beneath the Threshold of his outmost Gate
A pale, deformed, horrid, Carcass Sate :
Another *Job*, but of more fixed Woes,
Who from his Dunghil never once arose.

* *God help me* was his Name. God was his all ; * *The*
Those few that knew him *Lazarus* him did call. *Eng. of Lazar.*

Need, Pain and Scorn, at once did on him lye ;
His Bed was Earth, his Covering was the Sky.
Nothing had he to pay off Nature's Scores ;
Empty he was of Bread, but full of Sores.

Hunger (that Wrack) will make a Man confess
What modest Minds endeavour to suppress.
Sharp Hunger whets the Wit, and mends its Strain,
It hurts the Bowels, but it helps the Brain.
A Servant pass'd the Gate, where, lo ! He found
This ruful Object grovelling on the Ground.
Said *Lazarus*, Sir, if Pity be my due,
Give to your Master what I give to you.

Lazarus his Petition.

S*M*ost noble Sir, I humbly crave
What Nature doth exact from me ;
I am a Border on the Grave,
Half slain with sharp Necessity.

d,
re,
ir. do not ask your Servants Fare ;
ene

*Only the Sweepings of your Hall
I beg, and what your Dogs may spare.*

*Doom me not, Sir, to Perish at your Gate,
Who may preserve me at so Cheap a Rate,
For Father Judah's sake some Fragments give,
I'll serve You at God's Altars whilst I live.*

Dives his Answer.

W*Hat Dog is this that dares presume on me?
Accurst be all such crawling Toads as he:
Pests of my Gate, Vermin that creep so nigh,
—— I hate 'em; let him rot and die.*

*In Vain the poor Man's Thoughts pursu'd his Suit
The Dogs were Humane, but their Lord a Brute
They left their Snarling to their Masters Face;
They ran, and Lazarus gently did embrace.
He was the pity'd Patient of those Hounds, (wounds
Whose lambent Tongues did cool his burning*

*This done, the squalid Vassals of the Times
Scorn'd ragged Verue, honour'd purple Crimes.
Things are mis-judged-by the purblind Eye,
Which views their Posture, not their Tendency.
Till Justice 'wakes to right it's injur'd Laws,
Which doth not weigh the Person, but the cause*

*Nor Rags, nor Sores, are Clouds that can disguise
A splendid Soul to Heavens Soul-searching Eyes
Earth's Lazarus was Heavens Dives; Earths disdain
Was a meet Guest for Heaven to entertain.
Now comes the Golden Hour that sets him free
From his Apprenticeship to Misery.*

His Corps (the Graves old Neighbour) long undrest
At length is slipt into its Bed of Rest.

A Treasure 'tis, tho' Funeral cost it wants;

The richest Mineral is the Dust of Saints;

He was his own (most serious) Mourner here;

He mourn'd enough, he needs no hired Tear.

The time is come that *Lazarus* must be clad
With such fine Linen *Dives* never had.

The Time is come that *Lazarus* must be fed

With Heavens rich Juices, and with Angels Bread.

There is a Table richly spread above,

There is an everlasting Feast of Love;

A Feast which Friends and Friendship doth maintain,

Pale Envy is not there, nor proud Disdain;

They all are one, in one they all agree,

One is their all, which makes all one to be.

Here's Height of Mirth with Depth of Seriousness,

Plenty without the Hazard of Excess;

Here are full Joys in Hand, full Joys in View,

Here Wine and Appetite are ever New:

Ever begins their Feast and ne'er doth end,

Whom growing Loaves and living Springs attend;

Their Harps are well-strung Hearts, well tuned

And sacred Hallelujahs are their Songs; (Tongues,

Here sit the Saints, here the Believers Sire

Nobly seated in his rich Attire;

Whither the King of Heaven new Guests do call,

Nor can he come too late that comes at all.

The mighty One who dwells and rules on High,
Angels attend with an obedient Eye.

The Secrets of his Breast they do not Skill,

But are the trusty Servants of his Will.

Thus charg'd he them, ' *Bring Lazarus to the Feast*
' *And let him take his Place next Abraham's Breast.*

They heard with Rev'rence, and obeyed their King
Joy rais'd their *Hearts*, and nimbly shook their *Wings*.

They fled from Heaven, yet Heaven was with them
It was their Heaven to do their Master's Will. (still)

They stopt not at the Stars (that pompous Show
Who went to view a Brighter Star below.

The Point design'd they well did understand,
Who had old Voy'gers been to *Canaan's Land*.

There they had been *Lot's Guests* (who was their
There had they been *Elisha's flaming Guard*, (Ward)

In that Land chiefly lay their Lord's Affairs,

They traffick'd there for Souls (those precious
(Wares)

Soon came they where Sick *Lazarus* had his Lare,

They stopp'd and waited for their Passenger;

No Visitant found they with him but the Lord;

No Nurse but Faith, no Cordial but the Word.

They heard him praying, ' *Lord, some Mercy show*
' *For I can find no Mercy here below.*

This said, he sigh'd, and was of Life bereav'd;

He gave his Soul, and they his Soul receiv'd;

With Shouts and Songs Triumphant up they went

And to the Company did him present;

They shouted all, and joy'd the new-come Guest.

He gently stoops and leans on *Abraham's Breast*.

Whom *Dives* curs'd and stately Fools disdain'd
How is he blest! How is he entertain'd!

Tho' Vertue here on Earth neglected lyes,

Yet Heaven will raise it, for 'tis Born to rise.

Dives, that silken God, must never die,

Unless his Creatures and false Prophets lie.

He's safe, if Death be cast as far behind
His Body as it is below his Mind.
He's always Young, he learns it from his Glass;
Which smooths his furrow'd Brow, and paints his
But a cold striking Hand confutes the Lie, (Face.
Down falls his Flattering Glass, his Fancies die;
His Garden-walks must him no longer know,
The Life tree in his Garden doth not grow.
His Palace must be chang'd for a dark Tomb;
That was his Inn, but this must be his Home;
He must no longer at his Table stay,
The Voider (Death) is come to take away;
Death, that abhorr'd (both Name and) Thing comes
And potently torments this potent One; (on,
It makes amazing Breaches, and in short,
Hath seiz'd the Outworks, and attacks the Fort.
In what a wretched Posture does he lye!
He cannot live, and yet he dares not die.
His Debt must be distrain'd; for he'll not pay,
Nor yield his Ghost; it must be fetch away,
He spurns, he struggles, but Death keeps him under,
And with one Stroak tears Flesh and Soul asunder;
Then rang the House with his Five Brethrens Cries,
Alas! our Brother; so they clos'd his Eyes.
His outward Parts are wash'd, is inner Rooms
Stuff'd with Arabian Sweets and rich Perfumes.
Now Death his Purple is, now he's allow'd
Fine Linnen too, but 'tis a Fun'ral Shroud;
Grave-fac'd Spectators with their Garments torn,
And shrouded Lips attend, the Room doth mourn.
Ah what a poor Revenge is this one Fate!
For one that cannot live to lye in State.
Amidst the Gazing Crowd the Bearers come,
With Pomp they bring him to his painted Tomb.

Minstrel

Minstrels and Trumpeters their Noises joyn,
 And Women sell false Tears for currant Coyn.
 Now lest his Friends should in salt Streams be drown'd
 The Cup of Consolation goes its Round.

But stay, my Soul; 'tis Death that thou must view,
 Not Shadows which dead Bodies do ensue.

What a dark Notion and Abstrusity
 Is this to living Men that they must die!
 Grim Death on his pale Horse Triumphant rides,
 He strikes us through our nearest Kinsman's Sides.
 Yet are we senseless as the Stupid Mule,
 Live as Exceptions from the common Rule;
 We cast a Cloth o'er Death; 'tis soon forgot;
 We charm the Serpent, and it stings us not.

Now might one let this pleasant Error pass,
 If Death was all, but Death his Second has;
 When once the Dissolution Hour is come,
 Out goes the Soul to hear her final Doom.

You who have slightly heard the Fun'ral Knell,
 Now hear the Voice which dooms the Ghost to Hell;
 For those whose Hearts an *Earthquake* will not shake,
 Thro' Heavens loud-roaring Cannons may awake.

Dives black Ghost (all Horror and Despair)
 Is from its Prison snatch'd to th' dismal Bar;
 Behind him the impatient Devils roar,
 His Sins (those worst of Devils) stand before;
 With Terrors thus besieg'd in every Place,
 He hears a Voice, but might not see the Face.
 The Vaice was roaring Thunder in his Ears,
 The Words were tearing Bolts and flaming Spears;

"Go

" Go thou accurst, vile Caitif hence away
 " To Damned Ghost, come Devils, take your Prey.
 Struck with this Thunder, down he sunk, he fell,
 And was a Triumph to the Fiends of Hell.
 Th' Ingenious Tyrants did a Council pack,
 Their Malice sets their Wits upon the Wrack.
 When they had jointly study'd to torment,
 For their Pale Prisoner then in haste they sent;
 They chain'd and stak'd him to a furious Flame,
 Where constant Streams of Brimstone feed the same.
 Behold Sins Martyr, and Hells Sacrifice!
 He yells and howls, and vents unpitied Cries.
 He finds no Friendly Ear or tender Eye,
 He feels a Thousand Deaths, but cannot die;
 Like burning Brass he's fir'd in every Part,
 A Vulture lives upon his living Heart.
 God's gone, he's gone, and what an Hell is this,
 To be depriv'd of everlasting Bliss!
 O this Eternal Banishment is worse,
 Than all the Remnant of the Dooms-day Curse.
 This Hell of Hell may thus be understood,
 No Torments are so bad as God is Good,
 Besides, an Appetite in Man doth lye,
 Which nothing but a God can satisfy;
 And tho' this Appetite be here deluded
 By various Objects, in God's Room obtruded,
 Yet when at Death all these are laid aside,
 Then thirsts the Soul for God, but is deny'd;
 This Thirst unquenched is such an inward Flame,
 An Hell in Hell is its deserved Name;
 In Hell there cannot be an Atheist,
 'Tis Hell in Hell that God is dearly mist.

Poor Dives cries, " The God for whom I starve
 " I cannot see, because I would not serve;

- " I bleed to think, (and thinking is my Fate)
 " He often knocked at my bol'd Gate.
 " Where are those Baits on which my Lusts did prey,
 " The Price for which I cast my self away ? (Sports,
 " Where's now my Pomp and Pride, my Feasts and
 " Whose Chains detain'd me from the sacred Courts ?
 " O did my House so near the Temple stand !
 " O did I perish out of Judah's Land !
 " Might I be try'd once more ! But 'tis too late,
 " Justice hath lock'd the golden Mercy gate.
 " Now I believe and tremble ; I repent,
 " But my Repentance is my Punishment.
 " It is not Virtue, but Necessity ;
 " Alas, how miserably Wise am I ?
 " Might I return now to that happy Night,
 " Which veil'd me e'er my Parent saw the Light ;
 " Ah me ! Must I lye here, and ne'er come out !
 He raves and flings his Curses round about.
 He curs'd both Heaven and Hell, he curs'd the Earth,
 He curs'd the Day that witness'd to his Birth :
 But neither can his Tears his Griefs assuage,
 Nor does it cool his Heart to vent his Rage.
 This keen Reflection makes the Furnace glow,
 " It must be ever with me as 'tis now.
 " Hells Flames no Ashes will produce : But I
 " Must ever dying live, and living die.
 " Souls for themselves the Balm of Patience bear,
 " 'Tis the Poor's Physick, but it grows not here ;
 " My Soul is fill'd with Home-bred Tears and Taunts,
 " 'Tis its own Fury, and it self it haunts.
 " Pity was wont in Miseries House to dwell,
 " But I am baled by the Hounds of Hell.
 " Time us'd to be a Surgeon good at Wounds,
 " But I am got beyond its happy Bounds.

*A Vessel charg'd with scalding Wrath am I,
Hoop'd in the Circle of Eternity.*

You who affect the pleasant Path to Hell,
And love Damnation in its Causes well,
Look straight before you on your Journeys End,
Do ye not see th' Infernal Smoke ascend?
Have not some Sparks into your Bosoms flown,
Whereby the Neighb-ring Coasts may well be known?
Bold Sinner, stop, no farther Progress make,
Lest your next Step be in the fiery Lake;
But, Oh! He ridicules his Souls affairs,
And labours to be damn'd at unawares.
His Humour would not bear a Countermand;
Alas for them who hate to understand!
Who on their Souls Experiments will try,
At the Charge of a sad Eternity.
Alas for them who never will awake
Till they are plung'd into the burning Lake!

Dives was here struck-Blind with flattering Lies
Now the Hell-brand lifts up his flaming Eyes;
He spies the Region were the Happy dwell,
But Heaven at distance is another Hell.
He spies a *Canaan's* Feast, for chiefly there
The Natives of his Country do appear;
He spies blest *Abraham* with his faithful Race,
And *Lazarus* sitting next to *Abraham's* place.
Oh! How it twinges and torments his Eyes?
His Scorn to Envy turns, and thus he cries,
"The Scoundrel who lay starving at my Gate
Is now a Peer in Heaven, an Angel's Mate;
The Beggar sits and feeds on Angels Fare,
His Rags are Robes, such as Heavens Nobles wear;
The Dog, whom in Derision once I had,
Is turn'd into a Star, which makes me Mad."

Now

Now *Dives* is the Beggar, and applies
Himself to *Abraham* with his mournful Cries.

Dives his Petition.

A H! Father Abraham, pity me,
Who with tormenting Flames am stung,
For Pity whether should I flee
But to the Bowels whence I sprung?

The Grapes rich Blood I do not crave,
Waters cheap Element will suffice;
And tho' my Tongue thirsts for a Wave,
For one poor Drop it only Cries.

By Lazarus moist'ned Finger may you please
To give my scorched Tongue one Moment's Ease.
I dwell in Flames, and Flames in me do dwell,
O for a Drop from Heaven to sweeten Hell.

Mark how the Wheel is turn'd, the time is come,
He begs a Drop who once deny'd a Crumb.
Right-thinking Judges then must need approve,
The tart and equal Answer from above.

Abraham's Answer.

A R T thou Forlorn of God, and com'st to me?
What can I tell thee then but Misery?
Remember, Son, the Heav'n thy Feet have trod,
Earth was thy Heav'n, and Pleasure was thy God.
Remember

Remember *Lazarus* had his Hell below,
Thou wert the Devil which did cause his Woe :
Now are his Rags *Heav'n's Robes* with glorious Beams,
Thy Purple, Flames, thy Juncats, Sulph'rous Streams.

Is he thy With who was thy Scorn before?
Shall *Lazarus* now be Welcome to thy Door?
And dost imagine some fair Bridge to lye
Betwixt the white and black Eternity?
No, there's a mighty Gulf which rends in twain
The Fiery Region and the Ætherial Plain.
We are too Happy to be dispossess'd,
And you so cursed you can ne'er be blest;
We are so rais'd that we can never fall,
And you so sunk you cannot rise at all.
Once Angels went from Heav'n to Hell; but first,
They blackned were to Devils, and accurst;
Since those Stars fell, none of the Heav'nly Host,
Or did, or shall, visit th' Infernal Coasts.
To you 'tis Bitter; but to us 'tis Sweet,
That we are parted and must never meet;
Heav'n were not Heav'n, if it near Hell was plac'd,
Nor Hell were Hell, if it of Heav'n might taste.
Can our pure Light with Smoke and Darkness dwell?
The Poles shall sooner meet than Heaven and Hell.

Though Speech avails not, wracking Misery
Exhorts from him another fruitless Cry.

Dives his Second Petition.

I F such an Envious Gulf there be,
Yet, Father, lend an Ear to me.

From

*From Earth to Heaven a way is pav'd,
How else came Lazarus to be sav'd?*

*Let me so small a Boon entreat,
That Lazarus may his Steps repeat.*

And that he may embody'd go,

And tell the Stories of my Woe:

*To my Five Brethren, who all dwell within
My Father's House (Oh bad we never been!)*

Brethren in Bond of Nature and of Sin.

O let him tell them that there is a God,

Whose Scepter is a Sin-revenging Rod;

And let him tell them that advent'rous Drolls

Shall find unto their Cost that they have Souls.

Mine stuck i'th' Scabbard till its angry Lord

Unsheath'd it, and it prov'd a flaming Sword.

That Limbeck, Death draws Spirits from our Clay,

To th' Element of Souls they haste away;

And let him tell them, that the Sadducee

Shall be Hell's Convent, and Recant with me.

Whilst they lye sleeping on the Brink of Hell,

The Smoke they see not, nor the Brimstone Smell:

There they'll disport themselves with Golden Dreams,

Till they betray 'em to these burning Streams:

But let him scare them with an hollow Sound,

That they (like Lot) may flee their cursed Ground:

O send him quickly: lest they tumble in,

And prove the flaming Records of my Sin:

Can I no Water get at my Desire?

Yet, O! No more, no more new Flakes of Fire.

*This Abraham heard with unrelenting Ears;
No Pity's due to Hell-hounds Cries and Tears.*

Abraham's

Abraham's Answer

ONce Heav'n bow'd down and touch'd th' Arabian
And gave a Sampler of the Sacred Will. (*Hill*,
To *Moses* Hands, that chosen Man of God,
Copies were taken, and dispers'd abroad.

(So his kind Arms abroad the River flings,
So the free Sun extends his fruitful Wings;
As this most Sacred Light it self displays,
And gilds the Tents of *Jacob* with its Rays.)
For Saints to come from God there is no Cause,
Himself came down, and did promulge his Laws:
Needs *Lazarus* take a Journey from the Sky,
When Wisdom at your Brethren's Gates doth cry,
Let them hear *Moses*, read by their Divines
In th' Synagogue, to which their House adjoins;
And let them hear the Reverend Prophets next,
Those wond'rous Commentators on the Text?

Dives his Reply.

MOSES ('tis true) was an unerring Guide,
So where those Sixteen Prophets on his Side:
This I as much believe as if I saw
The flaming Mount, and heard the fiery Law,
When every Word was accented with Thunder,
Which rent those Oaks, the Jewish Hearts asunder.
'Tis here as necessary to believe,
As it is natural to feel and grieve.
That am now a Proof of Sacred Writ,
To argue backwards with my After-wit:
Tell in the Threatnings, tho' I did not see,
The Threatnings are in Hell made plain to me.

I skow'd upon the Heavens when they did Lowre,
 The Clouds I fear'd not, but I feel the Shower.
 Nothing will move my Brethren but a Sign,
 Experience is the powerfullest Divine :
 Faith is the Child of Sense, whereas Report
 Is entertain'd with Blasphemy or Sport :
 They have a sword to cut the Gordian Knot ;
 Moses saith many things, but proves them not.
 And tho' they bear substantial Proofs there be,
 Nothing is proof to them but what they see.
 Had they an Emissary from above,
 The very sight a future State would prove :
 Might he but tell them of your Heavenly Strand,
 They'd all turn Pilgrims for that Holy Land :
 Or might he preach the Torments which I feel,
 His Word would wound like burning Gads of Steel ;
 His Words would tear down all like thund'ring Guns,
 Beyond the faint Attempts, of Levi's Sons.

O were I of this cursed Chain releas'd !
 (With that he gnash'd his Teeth, and knock'd his Breast
 Might I be to the Earth a Preacher sent,
 I'd burn up Sin like Stubble where I went ;
 I'd smoke away their Lusts and flattering Lies,
 Or forth I'd drive them with my glaring Eyes :
 I'd blow a Trumpet which should rend the Ground,
 Their trembling Heart-strings should in Consort sound
 I'd teach the faithless Sadducees their Creed,
 And make the Pharisees to pray indeed :
 I'd tell the Ranters such a doleful Tale,
 That they should mourn as in Megiddon's Vale :
 I'd unbewitch the Sots and Slaves of Sin,
 That such a Reformation should begin,
 As in Josiah's time did not besal,
 And the next Age should cannonize 'em all.

Abraham

Abraham's Rejoinder.

A Preaching Apparition would confound
Heaven-daring Giants with its dreadful Sound;
 (None quake so soon as they who Heaven do dare;
 Who fear not God, the greatest Cowards are:
 But were the Coast once clear, the Shake once o're,
 The Lees would settle as they did before.

*It was a waking Dream they would conclude,
 A Juggle which our Senses did delude:
 Or did we something see? And something hear?
 Yet whence it came it doth not yet appear.*

Nay, they would gravely reason out the Case,
 What we can grasp we gladly will embrace:

*The rest we leave; to them let Children bark,
 And fright themselves with Fancies in the Dark
 What is a Spirit? What's Infinity?*

What does the Word [Eternal] signifie?

Charm'd are their Souls with this Oration made,
 And now their Fear shall vanish like the Shade.

*Thus Fools (tho' pounded) will not lose a Grain,
 And frozen Snakes, when thaw'd, will hiss again.*

Some now thou that pretend'st to act the Man,
 Something there needs must be which ne'er began;
 All were nothing once, so 'twould be now,
 Number from bare Cyphers could not grow.
 Nothing's a barren Womb; if that could breed,
 To be and not to be were well agreed.

The Point is gain'd, that something ever was;
 This hard Word ever you must let it pass.

Now'st thou how far this ever doth extend;
 Thou must grant what you cannot comprehend.

But what was ever? This imperial Robe
 Suits not the Azure nor the Verdant Globe;
 One is a turning Wheel that spins out Time,
 The other Pools with Spots of hard'ned Slime.
 Now mark the Kinds of each, and you shall find
 Unto their proper Spheres they are confin'd.
 Hereby is their Original confest,
 There's but a partial Goodness in the best.
 This is the Voice of their infirmity,
 ' *Meer Beggars and Derivatives are we.*
 What's of it self, that doth its self suffice,
 'Tis from our Creatureship our Wants arise.
 What of it self, that in its self is Blest,
 'Tis its own Center, and at perfect Rest;
 Rich is that Being whence all Beings are,
 And whence each being has its proper Share.
 Nor is't a Wonder of so high Degree,
 To make to be, as of it self to be;
 Something then ever was, which needs must be,
 From all the Shades of Imperfections free.
 Hence are we; and to think, in Vain we are,
 Is to condemn his Wisdom at our Bar.
 As Men the Badge of their Dependance wear
 On their frail Flesh, (the Graves Probationer.)
 And on their Hearts, whose restless Motion show
 Something they want, which is not here below;
 So must they own whom they are forc'd to know
 And pay themselves to whom themselves they owe
 Neither would this their Light of Comfort dim,
 But they should serve themselves in serving him.
When Graves upbraid proud Grave stones with their L
God's Servant is a Title never dies.

The Thoughts in Man do prove his Soul to be
 His Conscience bodes his Immortality.

This Bosom-magistrate his Facts espies,
And binds him over to the last Assize.
He trembles at his Summons to appear;
His Fear makes not a God, God makes his Fear.
Religion by corroding doth assay
Even thro' an Heart of Rock to force its Way.
O might he to himself be so sincere,
To strive to please whom he's constrain'd to fear.

Yet will he be a Vagrant all his Days,
Without a Method to direct his Ways.
What Eye e'er pierc'd th' Almighty's Sacred Breast?
Himself knows only what will please him best.
Since Man was made to serve his Maker's Will,
Which is an height transcending humane Skill.
A Rule must needs be granted from on High
For him to regulate his Actions by.
This Heaven-sprung Rule that Sacred Roll contains,
Which in the consecrated Land remains.
Its Words and Mysteries are all Divine,
And weighty Mountains hang on every Line;
It (Sun-like) shines by its own Golden Beams,
And scorns its base Corrivals senseless Dreams.
Those Spangles which the *Heathen* Sages left
Were from this Mine snatch'd by an Honest Theft.
Give me that hardy Brow that dares deny
The Bibles well-attested History.
Moses said many Things, and prov'd them too,
With Proofs which all Hell's Magick did outdo;
God's Power he carried in his Hands, to show
That from his Mouth the Truths of God did flow:
And his Credentials on his Face did shine,
Which there were written by a Beam Divine.
The gazing *Jews* were struck, who plainly saw,
That whence he had his Light, he had his Law.

Those

Those Sections which the sacred Code begin,
 Were by an Age of Wonders usher'd in.
 The Prophets Superstructure firmly stands
 On Two hewn Stones laid by th' Almighty's Hands.
 They count the Footsteps of their coming Lord,
 They view the Mercy-seat with one Accord.
 One tells his Name, another tells his Place,
 Another writes the Beauties of his Face.
 Thus is he glanc'd at by their piercing Eyes,
 The last of them his Harbinger espies.
 And O the Brisk, the Charming, Airs that spring
 From the Consent of each harmonious String!
 He's Over-wise who dreads fictitious Lines
 From Hands unbrib'd, and Hearts without Designs.
 They wrote beyond *themselves*, which serves to prove
 Their Hearts and Hands were guided from above.
 The World's just Age, and what was done of Old,
 Are in the Sacred Register inroll'd.
 Here may be seen the Pristine State of Man,
 And, (that Nile's Head) the Source where Ills began.
 Here may be seen what makes a second Spring;
 Here is the best Account of every Thing.

The Wonders witness'd now by mortal Eyes
 Are but the Products of its Prophecies.
*The Scriptures rule the World: Till this shall burn,
 All Ages on that Axle-tree shall turn.*

This Heaven-inspired Volume doth avow
 What Reason may embrace, or must allow.
 When God describes himself, 'tis such an Height
 As far surmounts quick Fancies highest Flight.
 'Tis Reason, Reason should be puzzled here;
 Man should be God if he knew what he were.
 To these vast Heights thus sober Reason saith,
 I see the Seals, and yields the Chair to Faith.

Now

Now the Almighty's Word shall Vermin flight,
 When Heaven and Earth bear Witness to its Might?
 Vast Numbers from his Word at first did flow,
 And must his Word pass for a Cypher now?
 Nay, his Commands at first Creations were.
 And now his Word commands and gives an Ear:
 It is a Sun that gives both Light and Eyes,
 A Voice that bids and makes the Dead arise.
 It makes Clouds, Stars, and sends them to the Sky;
 And turneth Heaven into a Colony.

Unbelief is not Reason, but a Lust;
 God's Hand and Sword gives it its mortal Thrust.
 The Law of the Two Tables will prevail,
 When other (self-invented) Means shall fail.
 Whilst other Arches level in the Dark,
 The Arrow's from God's Quiver hit the Mark.

What Voices, or what Visions, would you have?
 God's Voice (or nothing) will your Brethren save?
 New Methods of Salvation to contrive
 Is fruitless Labour; let 'em hear and live:
 But if they won't, their *Mittimus* is seal'd;
 A stubborn Patient never can be heal'd.

*If Preachers rais'd by God they will disdain,
 Preachers rais'd from the Grave should preach in
 (vain*

*Books Printed for Tho. Parkhurst, at the Bible and
 Three Crowns, in Cheapside.*

Discourses and Sermons. By the late Reverend and
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The CONTENTS.

- 1 **T**HE Sinner's Self-Reflection.
- 2 The Sinner's Remorse.
- 3 The Sinner's Fears
- 4 The Sinner's Confusion
- 5 The Sinner's Amazement.
- 6 The Sinner's Hope
- 7 The Sinner's Confession.
- 8 Another of the same.
- 9 The Sinner's Retreat.
- 10 The Sinner's Resolves.
- 11 The Sinner's Cry for Pardon.
- 12 The Sinner's Address to Christ.
- 13 The Sinner's Reception.
- 14 The Sinner's Admiration.
- 15 A Cry for Increase of Grace.
- 16 For Spiritual Protection.
- 17 Lamentation for the loss of First-Love.
- 18 The Sinner's Conflict.
- 19 The Backslider's Return.
- 20 The Sinner's Morning-Prayer.
- 21 The Sinner's Evening Prayer.
- 22 The Sinner's Cry for Improvement of Talents.
- 23 The Sinner's Cry before the Sacrament.
- 24 The Sinner's Cry under Desertion.
- 25 The Sinner's Cry for the success of the Gospel.
- 26 The Sinner's Cry for a soft Heart.
- 27 The Sinner's Cry against Unbelief.
- 28 The Sinner's Cry for Universal Obedience.
- 29 The Sinner's Cry for Quickning Grace.
- 30 The Sinner's Cry for Communion with God.
- 31 The Sinner's Cry on the Lord's-Day
- 32 The Sinner's Cry upon Christ's Departure.
- 33 On Death
- 34 Another on the same.
- 35 The Soul's Desire after God.

S. Penitential Cries.

I. *The Sinner's Self-Reflection.*

I.

AH Lord, ah Lord, what have I done?
 What will become of me?
 What shall I say, what shall I do?
 Or whither shall I flee?
 My wandering I have lost my self,
 And here I make my moan;
 O whither, whither have I stray'd,
 Ah Lord, what have I done?

II.

My Candle searches all my Rooms,
 And now I plainly see,
 The numerous Sins of Earth and Hell
 Are summed up in me,
 The Seeds of the Ills that grow,
 Are in my Garden sown,
 And multitudes of them are sprung,
 Ah Lord, what have I done?

III.

I have been Satan's willing Slave,
 And his most easy Prey,
 He was not readier to Command,
 Than I was to Obey;
 Or if at any time he left my Soul,
 Yet still his Work went on,

I was a Tempter to my self;
Ah Lord, what have done?

IV.

I pult at all the Threats of Heaven,
And slighted all its Charms,
Nor Satan's Fetters would I leave,
For Christ's inviting Arms:
I had a Soul but priz'd it not,
And now my Soul is gone.
My forced Cries do pierce the Skies,
Ah Lord, what have I done?

II. *The Sinner's Remorse, as the 25th Psalm.*

I.

LORD, thou hast overcome,
I've got my deadly Wound,
And he that Kicks against the Pricks,
Will soon himself confound;
My Sins, those venomous Darts,
Which Heaven-wards I did throw,
Are now my Rack, being driven back
By mine Almighty Foe,

II.

My Sins have found me out,
And at my Door they lie;
And there they stay both Night and Day,
And there I hear them cry;
In vain my Friends attempt
To cure my Miseries,
What they propound to me is drown'd
In Sin's loud roaring Cries.

III.

In vain are all the Tears
Of them that stand without

Penitential Cries.

My Dart's within, it is my Sin,
They cannot pull it out ;
My Heart is all one Wound,
My Breath repeated Sighs,
My Bread is Tears, my Life is Fears,
My Language Groans and Cries.

IV.

What are Heavens Lights to him
Who in the Dungeon lies,
Not one thin Ray, or piece of Day
Does chear my clouded Eyes ;
Sin's Match enkindles Hell,
Sin makes the Damned Roar,
This I have heard without regard,
But never knew before.

III. *The Sinner's Fears.*

I.

A Las! For I have seen the Lord,
With a drawn Sword He stood,
Now might He sheath it in my Flesh,
And bathe it in my Blood ;
I've dar'd him with my mighty Sins,
As if He was too slow,
But now He comes both arm'd and girt,
As an intraged Foe.

II.

What shall a guilty Sinner do?
When Justice does appear,
Whither shall I flee from him,
Whose Place is every where ?
As I can neither stand nor fly,
So neither can I bear,
That Mighty Hand which grinds the Rocks,
And doth Foundations tear.

III. *My*

III.

My pale, my poor, my trembling Soul
Does start at every thing,
It hourly fears huge Hosts of Wrath
From this incensed King;
Should He but his Commissions grant,
All Creatures would ingage
Against me their common Foe,
With an united Rage.

IV.

I have such Monsters in my Soul,
As do portend and tell,
As Devils here with me have dwelt,
So I with them must dwell;
They have my wretched Soul possess'd,
They hold it in their Chains,
I fear lest they should drag it down
To suffer endless Pains.

V.

My Fears are just, I've deserved Hell,
And 'tis my proper Hire,
But who can dwell, O who can dwell
With everlasting Fire?

IV. *The Sinner's Shame or Confusion.*

I.

SO foolish, so absurd am I,
That nothing can be more;
Was ever such a Monster seen
Upon the Earth before?
I dare not look upon the Earth,
The Witness of my Sin;
My Conscience is a Doomsday Book:
I dare not look within.

II.

upwards I durst not cast mine Eyes,
For there my Judge doth sit:
or downwards whence the Smoke does rise,
From the Infernal Pit;
How shall I answer at the Bar,
Of him who is most pure?
I cannot answer for my self;
My self I can't endure.

III.

And as my self I can't endure,
My self I cannot fly;
Thus Fools do sell themselves for Slaves,
And what a Slave am I?
My Heart the seat of Folly is,
My Life a Life of Sin,
Surely I am more brutish far,
Than ever Brute hath been.

IV.

Is this my Wit, is this my Way?
To make a glorious Name?
Is this the Thanks I've paid to Heaven,
Ah what a Beast I am?
The Crown is fallen from my Head,
My Royal Robes are gone?
Confusion is my only Cloak,
And I must put it on.

V.

And whilst I blush, and whilst I bleed,
Here will I sit alone;
And here I'll lead the Leper's Life,
And make my doleful moan:
I am not worthy of the Earth,
Not worthy of the Air,

Not worthy of the watery drop,
But of the Damned's fare.

VI.

O how it kills my Heart to think
Upon my foolish ways!
Yet this I'll bear, and bless the Lord,
Because Damnation stays.

V. *The Sinner's Amazement; as the 25th Psalm.*

I.

I Read that Sins are Clouds,
Whence Vengeance Storms have fell,
But this is that, I wonder at,
That I am out of Hell.
Sure there are those in Hell,
Who never have deserv'd
In Hell to lie, so much as I,
And yet I am preserv'd.

II.

My Sins have proudly scorn'd,
My Sins have boldly dar'd
The God of Might, with much despight,
And yet my Soul is spar'd.
The best and goodliest things
Which did this World adorn,
By Sin are ras'd, and quite defac'd,
Yet still I am forborn.

III.

At our first Parents breach,
Pale Death came rushing in,
The Angels fell from Heav'n to Hell
Press'd with the weight of Sin.
The Sodomites Cry prevail'd,
Hell could no longer stay,

But lo! There came a Sulph'rous Flame,
And met them by the Way.

IV.

When *Corah* did rebel
Earth would not be his Slave
To bear his weight, but opens strait,
And was his willing Grave:
When *Israel* did corrupt
The Air with murmuring Breath,
It did rebound, and gave a Wound,
And that was present Death.

V.

The whole Creation groans,
Sin's wrecks the World do fill,
It empties Rooms to furnish Tombs,
Yet I am living still:
On the Lord's Hand I live,
And cannot but Admire
He does not shake so vile a Snake
Into Eternal Fire.

VI.

That Miracles are ceas'd
Some confidently tell;
But I do know it is not so
Whilst I am out of Hell.

VI. *The Sinner's Hope.*

I.

WHO knows but such an one as I
May Grace and Mercy find?
Hear the God of *Israel*
Is Merciful and kind:
Had he been pleas'd to torture me
With Everlasting Bands,

10
He might have done it long ago,
Who had me in his Hands.

II.

I do not hear the Trumpet sound
To call me to his Bar ;
The Proofs and Patterns of his Grace
Forbid me to Despair :
Despair is a such a Sin of Sins
It cannot be forgiv'n ;
Whilst other Sins Hell's Ways do pave,
This Bars the Gates of Heav'n.

III.

Cease then thy Murmuring, O my Soul,
And silently attend
To th' sounding Bowels of a Christ,
Who is the Sinner's Friend :
He does not say, Depart from me
Into Eternal Fire ;
But, Come into my open Breast,
Where weary Souls retire.

IV.

The trembling Wretch, Who touch'd his Hem,
But fear'd an heavy Doom,
Receiv'd a Cure, and Blessing too,
And went rejoycing home :
The Prodigal deserv'd and far'd
Worse than the Swine he fed,
But found a Mirthful Feast at home,
Who only lookt for Bread.

V.

Heav'n lookt upon the *Publican*
Who was bow'd down with shame ;
Mercy he call'd, which soon appear'd,
And answer'd to its Name ;

My Sins are mighty Sins indeed,
But I have understood
Great Sins are Foils which do enhance
The Price of Saving Blood.

VI.

My Soul has many ghastly Wounds,
Yet will I not despair,
Whilst there is Balm in *Gilead*,
And a Physician there:
That I might March to *Canaan's* Land,
The Silver Trumpet sounds;
My Day still shines, my Tent is fix'd
Within Salvation's Bounds.

VII.

The Door is shut, but is not barr'd,
And he that is within
Does bid me ask, and seek, and knock;
And strive to enter in:
Here then I'll ask, and seek, and knock,
Until the Door be ope;
For will I stir a Foot from hence;
It is a Door of Hope.

VII. *The Sinner's Confession.*

Who, who can number all the Stars,
Number the Sands upon the Shore?
When may'st thou count the numerous Hosts
That throng my Way to Mercy's Door.

Manasseh's Sins were white to mine,
Mine bear the deepest Crimson Dye;
I never any so provok'd
So sweet, so kind a God as I.

How is it, Lord. thou dost so long
 Such Guiltiness as this forbear,
 When almost every Thought's a Sin?
 My very Breath pollutes thy Air.

Sinners may for a time Rejoice,
 Till threatned Storms of Wrath arise,
 But challeng'd Justice will awake
 Its Sword, and then the Sinner dies.

• What Fools are they that entertain
 With Scorn the sounds of Gospel-Grace?
 Sorrow and Sin walk in a Chain,
 Although they keep not equal Pace,

Approaching Sin is deckt with Charms.
 And smiles in Promises of Gain;
 No sooner past our Joys are lost
 All such Delights shut up in Pain.

VIII. *Another.*

I.

WH O, can number all the Stars,
 Or Sands upon the Shore?
 Thy Sins, thy Sins are multitudes,
 My Soul, thy Sins are more.
 Alas! I cannot bear the sight,
 They do like Clouds arise;
 The Sword of Justice will awake
 For they have reach'd the Skies.

II

Most stubbornly I have rebell'd,
 And broke thy Law, O God;

How just is it that such a wretch
Should feel thy Flaming Rod?
I bleed to think how I did slight
Thy Message from above;
How I despis'd thy Blood, O Christ,
And thy Redeeming Love;

III.

How oft I did repeat my Sin,
And ran upon the Score;
Tho' Conscience loudly did dissuade,
And bad me sin no more.
How is it, Lord, thou dost so long
This wretched Soul forbear,
When almost every Thought's a Sin?
My Breath pollutes thy Air.

IV.

Manasseh's Sins were white to mine,
Mine bear a Crimson dye;
Sure never any so provok'd
The Lord of Host as I.
Ah, how much viler than the Earth
By Sin am I become:
A Sinner of polluted Birth,
A Sinner in the Womb.

V.

Lord, whither whither must I range
To count up my Transgressions?
Give me thy Pardon, in exchange
Accept of my Confessions.

IX. *The Sinners Retreat.*

I.

Farewel vain World, I bid adieu,
Thou canst not fill, but Cloy.

Thy Throne, O God, does send forth new
 And more refined Joy :
 Meer Vanity does Man pursue
 With Eagerness and Heat ;
 The bravest things the World can shew
 Are but a perfect Cheat :

II.

Who gain the Riches of the Earth,
 Gain but a finer Dross,
 Who gain a World, and lose a Soul,
 Sustain the greatest Loss :
 The Blast of Honour sounds aloud,
 Yet that's but empty Air,
 Which quickly passes through the Croud,
 And does no more appear.

III.

Alas, there's nothing here that can
 True Blessedness afford ;
 Ye painted Shadows get you gone,
 Ye hold me from my Lord ;
 He's bless'd indeed who loveth God,
 Whose undefiled Mind
 Can scorn such mean, ignoble Joys,
 He noble Joys shall find.

IV.

O happy they who only love
 Their God, and him admire ;
 That I may taste those Joys that last
 I'll from the World retire :
 I'll make it my Ambition now
 To be belov'd of God,
 And under his delightful Shade
 Will settle mine abode.

X. The Sinner Resolves.

I.

THIS empty World has now too long
Deceived me with Lies;
I am resolved to be gone,
Deluded Soul arise.
Go fly to Christ without delay,
Engage him for thy Friend;
Such Men are blessed in their Way,
And blessed in their End.

II.

What have I more to do with Sin?
Ye flattering Sweets be gone;
The Time and Place 'twas acted in
Are sad to think upon.
My vain Companions I'll forsake,
Them from their Ways withdraw;
I'll read a Lecture that shall make
Those frozen Hearts to thaw.

III.

My Sins will I no more repeat,
Nor finish that begun;
My Summons to the Judgment-Seat
May come before it's done:
I will not with my finger once
Touch my beloved Sin;
Who knows its latter end? you know
But where it did begin.

IV.

The Snares of Satan lye so low,
And are so smoothly plac'd,
I'll softly tread where e'er I go,
And never act in haste;

The Word and Spirit I'll obey,
 And think if God say so
 It is enough; I'll never stay
 To see what others do.

V.

I'll Dedicate my self to God,
 And his alone will be;
 I triumph I am in the Road
 To true Felicity.
 Lord, all is spread before thy Face,
 My Soul resolves upon;
 My Soul commits it to thy Grace,
 O leave it not alone!

XI. *The Sinners Cry for Pardon?*

I.

MY God, he is the God of Grace,
 Who Pardons has in store,
 Whose boundless Treasures have enrich:
 Whom Sin has first made poor.
 'Tis Mercy's Glory to forgive,
 And not in Wrath destroy;
 This adds fresh comforts to the Saints,
 New Triumphs to their Joy.

II.

This will encourage Souls to seek
 To the Redeemer's Face,
 When the *Manassehs* of our Day,
 And *Magdalens* find Grace:
 My Sins are Mountains; tho' they be
 These Mountains cannot stand;
 What are those Mountains to my Christ?
 They fly at thy Command.

III. *Tho*

III.

Tho' they are high and numberless
 I'm in Salvation's Road ;
 They cannot pose the Blood of Christ,
 Which is the Blood of God :
 Where Sin abounds his Records say
 Grace has abounded more ;
 This is, and shall be still my Plea,
 Whilst thou hast Grace in store.

XII. *Another.*

I.

Great God, thou art a God of Grace,
 Who Pardons hast in store ;
 Do not turn away thy Face
 From me, tho' I am poor.
 I do deserve the hottest Plagues
 Of an incensed God ;
 To drink the Vials of his Wrath,
 To feel the Damned's Rod.

II.

But turn away thy Wrath from me,
 Now turning at thy call ;
 O why should'st thou exalt thy self
 In thy poor Creatures fall ?
 I might be cast into thy Jail,
 There lie for evermore ;
 But, Lord, thy Patience did give Ball,
 Thy Christ did pay the Score.

III.

Mercy, good Lord, Mercy I ask,
 This is the Total Sum ;
 For Mercy, Lord, is all my Suit,
 Lord, let thy Mercy come.

Lord, if thou wilt my Sins forgive,
 Wilt not in Wrath destroy,
 'Twill add new Comforts to thy Saints,
 Fresh Triumphs to their Joy.

IV.

This will encourage Sinners, Lord,
 To turn and seek thy Face,
 When they shall hear the worst of them
 Has now obtain'd thy Grace:
 My Sins are Mountains, tho' they be
 These Mountains cannot stand;
 What are those Mountains to my Christ?
 They fly at thy Command.

V.

My Sins indeed are numberless,
 Are not thy Mercies so?
 This did thy pardon'd ones profess,
 They bad me to thee go.
 Tho' they be numerous and great,
 I'm in Salvations Road;
 They cannot pass the Blood of Christ,
 Which is the Blood of God.

VI.

Where Sin abounds, thy Word does say
 Grace has abounded more;
 This is, and shall be still, my Plea
 Whilst thou hast Grace in store;
 Mercy, good Lord, Mercy I ask,
 This is the total Sum;
 For Mercy Lord, is all my Suit,
 Lord, let thy Mercy come.

XIII. *The Sinner's Address to Christ.*

I.

WHere lies a Sin I'll drop a Tear;
 But views of saving Blood
 Can only calm the Tempest here,
 And do my Conscience good:
 'Tis thou alone, my Lord, canst give
 This aching Heart Relief;
 Christ's gentle Voice would make it live,
 His Hand wipe off my Grief.

II.

Those falsely call'd the Sweets of Sin
 Are bitter unto me;
 I loath the State that I am in,
 I come, I come, to thee:
 But Oh! Wilt thou receive him now
 That's coming to thy Door?
 For I can bring no Dowry, Lord,
 I come extreamly poor.

III.

What if my Tears could make a Flood?
 My Righteousness is Dross;
 Those Tears needs washing in thy Blood,
 Tho' wept upon the Cross:
 I have an Argument to plead,
 Which thou canst not deny;
 Thy Grace is free, and thou dost give
 To Sinners, such as I,

IV.

Thou dost invite all wand'ring Souls,
 And I am one of those;
 With thee the Sick do find a Cure,
 The Weary find Repose:

The World and Sin will ever vex,
 Will trouble and molest;
 But, I will trust my Soul with Christ,
 To bring to Heavens Rest.

XIV. The Sinners Reception.

I.

WHilst others costly Offerings bring
 Unto my Lord most dear,
 To him a Song of Praise I'll sing,
 And Sacrifice a Tear:
 This is my choicest Gift, I have
 No better to impart;
 When thou receiv'dst me first then I
 Did offer up mine Heart.

II.

I am the Prodigal return'd,
 And met upon a plain,
 And thou the loving Father that
 Invit'st me home again:
 Thou didst invite, and bring me home,
 My Study now shall be
 To furnish and prepare a Room,
 Where Christ may dwell with me.

III.

O, cleanse my Soul, and make it white,
 Adorn it with thy Grace;
 To dwell with me do thou delight,
 And never hide thy Face:
 Who can but love so dear a Lord:
 I'll make a daily Feast;
 The daily Exercise of Grace
 Shall entertain my Christ.

IV.

Love thee, Lord; and thou dost know
How I adore thy Name;
Surely, my God, I would do so,
Would wear a loving Frame:
With thankfulness I will record
Thy kindness all my Days,
I'll live upon, and to the Lord,
And breathe a constant Praise.

IV. *The Sinners Admiration of Divine Mercy, as
the 148th Psalm.*

I.

What Line can fathom, Lord,
Thy rich and wondrous Grace?
Our praising Songs Record,
In Saints in every Place.
Bless God, my Soul,
Even unto Death,
And write a Song
For every Breath.

II

Hell was my proper Hire,
Who long was Satan's Slave,
Fit fuel for that Fire,
But God delights to save:
Bless God, my Soul,
Even unto Death,
And write a Song
For every Breath.

III.

File Prodigals may not
Acceptance with thee fear;
No Sigh was e'er forgot,
God bottels every Tear:

Bless God, my Soul,
Even unto Death,
And write a Song
For every Breath.

IV.

My Sins were very high,
I sinking into Hell,
Free Mercy then drew nigh
And caught me as I fell :

Bless God, my Soul,
Even unto Death,
And write a Song,
For every Breath.

V.

Cherubs cannot express
Such Love, which ne'er decays;
What can my Soul do less
Than love him all my Days.

Bless God, my Soul,
Even unto Death,
And write a Song
For every Breath.

XVI. *The Soul's Thirst.*

I.

I Bless my God for giving Grace,
Whose Bounty will augment my Store,
And as my Grace does thus advance,
So, Lord, thy Praises shall be more.

II.

But surely Hearts are barren Soil,
Meer Nature can bear nothing good;
But I shall grow, the Holy Ghost
Waters me with a Sacred Flood.

III.

23

thou to me as thou hast been
 into thy Chosen *Israel*,
 Dew to keep my Branches green,
 Sun to make my Blossoms smell.

IV.

who esteems a trifling Joy
 above the Beamings of thy Face,
 prefers a Pebble to a Throne,
 and tires in his heavenly Race.

V.

Heaven-born Souls are thirsty still,
 ke me, repeat their Suits again;
 in thy Garden, and intreat
 thy own Plantation may have Rain.

XVII. *For Spiritual Protection.*

I.

Have an Host of Enemies
 Are ever breaking in;
 Man, the World, the Flesh, devise
 To ruin me by Sin:
 Trust to God as my Defence
 Against their Subtilties;
 From all destructive Baits of Sense
 Wilt thou restrain mine Eyes.

II.

O' ye combine against my Soul,
 I make the Lord my Guard,
 Who will your fiery Breath controul,
 Who will be my Reer-ward:
 Whenever Dangers near approach,
 Lord, be at Hand to me;

And

And bring my Soul by each Assault
The nearer unto thee.

III.

O keep from Sin, which brings a Frown,
Be Gracious to my Cry ;
Let no Temptations cast them down,
That on thy Grace rely :
Why should that Frame set up within
Which thine own Hand did raise,
Be ever broke or slur'd by Sin ?
Why shouldst thou lose thy Praise ?

IV.

Even as thy Care, thy Hand is large,
And fills each empty Space ?
Remember that I am thy Charge ;
This Day consult my Case :
My Soul, my Frame I will commit
To thee, O Holy Ghost !
Thou art my Guardian, and I trust
Thy Work shall not be lost.

XVIII. *Lamenting the Loss of First Love.*

I

O That my Soul was now as Fair
As it has sometimes been,
Devoid of that Distracting Care
Without, and Guilt within :
There was a Time when I could tread
No Circle but of Love ;
That Joyous Morning now is fled,
How heavily I move !

II.

Unhappy Soul, that thou should'st force
Thy Saviour to depart,

When he was pleas'd with so coarse
A Lodging in thy Heart!
How sweetly I enjoy'd my God!
With how Divine a Frame!
I thought on every Plant I trod,
I read my Saviour's Name!

III.

I liv'd, I lov'd, I talk'd with thee,
So sweetly we agreed,
And thou no Stranger wast to me
Till I became a Weed:
The Tempter robb'd me, and I must,
I fear, be ever Poor,
May this suffice, to rowl'th' Dust
Before thy Temple Door?

IV.

My dearest Lord, my Heart flames not
With Love, that Sacred Fire;
But since my Love has wore that Blot,
Repentance runs the higher:
O might those Days return again,
How welcome they should be!
Shall my Petition be in vain
Since Grace is ever free?

V.

Lord of my Soul, return, return,
To chase away this Night;
Let not thine Anger ever burn,
God once was my Delight.

XIX. *The Conflict.*

I.

A H me! My Heart's the Seat of War;
Two Armies there appear;

Satan has drawn his Forces up,
My God, my Strength, draw near :
The Flesh and Spirit doth contend
For this weak Soul of mine ;
Two Worlds in Competition stand,
Lord, save me, I am thine.

II.

The Soul upon the Wing of Faith
Strews Triumphs in its Way,
But strait a guilty Thought breaks in,
And mingles Night with Day.

III.

My Evidences should be clear,
But Ah ! The Bolts of Sin
Turn chearing Hopes to sadning Fear,
And make black Doubts within :
The Laws of Sin and Grace will jar,
Both dwelling in one Room ;
The Saints expect perpetual War,
Till they are sent for home.

IV.

Altho' these Combates make you fear,
They should not cast you down ;
God will give Grace to hold out here,
And Glory for its Crown.

XX. *The Backslider's Return.*

I.

TH O' I am fallen from my God
I'll venture to draw nigh ;
His Word assures me He would not
Have any Sinner die :
Sinners may hope to see God's Face,
Tho' fallen ne'er so low,

If they go to the Throne of Grace,
And weeping as they go.

II.

Who shames himself before him there,
His Sin shall be forgot;
If Sinner's blush when they confess,
That blushing hides their Spot:
Ah Lord! I am ashamed to come,
Ashamed with Thee to meet;
I dare not look, but down I fall
At thy most blessed Feet.

III.

Did ever any thus before,
Thus basely wrong thy Grace?
Sure I'm more Vile than any one
Of Lapsed *Adam's* Race:
Here comes a Prodigal, Lord, hear,
And answer at his Call,
I beg for Jesus Sake, that thou
Remember not my Fall.

IV.

Nothing I plead on my behalf,
But yet thou knowest well,
Bright Saints in Heav'n were once black Brands
Snatch'd from a burning Hell.
The Blood of Bulls thou askest not,
A Penitential Groan
Shall be accepted, this I bring,
And offer at thy Throne.

XXI. *The Sinner's Morning-Prayer; as the*
100 Psalm.

I.

GOD, who once more unseal'd mine Eyes,
Shall have my choicest Sacrifice;
My highest Thanks I humbly pay,
For Mercies running Night and Day.

II

O Lord, thy Pardon I implore,
And Grace, that I offend no more;
O let thy Goodness never cease,
Renew thy Covenant of Peace.

III.

As thou renewest still my Days,
With new Endearments Crown my Ways;
Father, with me this Day abide,
Be thou my Leader and my Guide,

IV.

That I may plainly see and know
The very Path where I should go,
And may at Night rejoicing say,
My God was kind to me this Day.

V.

Those Graces that I want, supply,
And keep me with a tender Eye;
Let my Corruptions more and more
Lose of the Ground they had before.

VI.

By Faith, dear Saviour, I would live,
And like the fruitful Lilly thrive:
The fruitful Christian honours God,
And shews his Pastures to be good.

VII.

Give me my Claim to Heaven clear,
Thy constant Grace to persevere;
Whilst here on Earth, be thou my Guard,
And at the last my great Reward.

XXII. *The Sinner's Evening-Prayer; as the*
100 Psalm.

I.

O Lord, behold a wretched One,
That flings himself before thy Throne,
By Practice sinful, and by Birth,
Lord, viler, viler than the Earth!

II.

O let thy Christ, my Jesus be,
To save from Sin and Misery!
My Soul beneath thy Feet I lay,
Intreating Pardon for this Day.

III.

God made his World and brought me in,
And I brought mine, my World of Sin;
Behold those Sins, not as a Spy
To mark, or as a Judge to try;

IV.

But as Physician to the Poor,
Who brings a Balsam for the Sore.
Absolve, renew me by thy Grace,
Fit me for Death, which comes apace.

V.

Encircle me within thine Arm,
My Body to defend from harm;
Preserve my wandring Soul from Sin,
Both going out, and coming in.

VI.

Keep far from me a careless Heart,
 From which my Saviour would depart;
 O bless and prosper all my Ways,
 That they may issue in thy Praise.

XXIII. *A Cry for Improvement of Talents.*

I.

I Am a Tree that God hath set,
 Which He expects should grow;
 We must allow that Hand to Reap,
 Which was at cost to Sow.

II.

If thou expectest from my Flock,
 Or from my Tillage Bread,
 Then help me to improve my Stock,
 Let not thy Grace lie dead.

III.

Those Talents that the Masters lend,
 The Servants must improve.
 Thine Aid, O my great Master! Send,
 To help me from Above:
 Since thou didst buy me when a Slave,
 Shall I not now be true?
 I'll use the Power that I have,
 Dear Saints, for God and you.

IV.

With Riches give a liberal Heart,
 That so I may restore
 Again, and pay the Tythes unto
 Thy Deputies, the Poor:
 That Honour thou dost shine on me,
 Shall honour thee always;
 My lesser Talents joyn to pay
 Their Tribute to thy Praise.

V.

Whate'er is mine, it first was thine,
And thine shall ever be;
All my Enjoyments shall combine
To raise and honour thee:
My Parts, my Time, my every thing,
Are wholly thine I own,
Accept the Musick from each String
Presented at thy Throne.

XXIV. *A Cry before the Sacrament.*

I.

TO Day the Lord of Hosts invites
Unto a costly Feast;
O what a Priviledge is this,
To be my Saviour's Guest!

II.

All they that sit down with him must,
Be decked with his Grace;
He smiles on such Communicants,
And they behold his Face.

III.

But who, and what am I? O Lord!
Unholy and unmeet
To come within thy Doors, or to
Wash thy Disciples Feet.

IV.

Come, Holy Spirit, come and take
My filthy Garments hence:
The Guilt, the Stain, the Love of Sin,
Will give my Lord offence.

V.

Remember not my Sins, O Lord
Which ever load my Mind;
Thy Son did die for such as I,
That I might Mercy find.

VI.

Worldly Distractions stay behind,
 Below the Mount abide;
 Be no Disturbance to my Mind,
 Nor make my Saviour Chide.

VII.

Let nothing that is not Divine
 Within thy Presence move;
 Whate'er would cause thee not to shine
 In Tokens of thy Love.

VIII.

Whilst thou dost at thy Table sit,
 Send out thy Spirit to breathe
 Upon my Soul, to summon forth
 My Graces from beneath.

IX.

Awake Repentance, Faith, and Love,
 Awake, O every Grace;
 Come, come, attend this glorious King,
 And bow before his Face.

X.

O come, my Lord, the Time draws nigh
 That I am to receive,
 Stand with my Pardon sealed by,
 Perswade me to believe.

XI.

Let not my Jesus now be strange,
 Nor hide himself from me;
 O cause thy Face to shine upon
 The Soul that longs for thee.

XII.

O let our Entertainment now
 Be so exceeding sweet,
 That we may long to come again,
 And at thy Table meet.

XXV. *Under Desertion.*

I.

MY Lord, I once could sing,
But now I fear to say
My God, I only cry my King,
Of Force I must obey:
I've forfeited that Blessed Guest,
That Joy that sometimes shone
Within this dark unhallow'd Breast;
O whither is it gone?

II.

In infinite Compassion, Lord,
To my Complaint give ear;
Whole Troops of Sorrow bear me down,
O when wilt thou appear?
Remember, Lord, what I am styl'd;
Tho' under Darkness great;
Tho' under Darkness, still thy Child,
My Heart is still thy Seat.

III.

My King, thou dost possess that Throne,
Thou dost that Scepter Sway;
Tis thine still, Lord, 'tis thine alone,
I hate the Sinner's Way:
Lord, when thou see'st me come to Pray,
Bow down a Gracious Ear
To answer; if my Lord delay,
One darksome Day's a Year.

IV.

To shine upon a Soul so vile,
Would magnify thy Grace;
Long for nothing but a Smile
From my Dear Saviour's Face;

I will no more my Lord provoke,
 Or cause thee to withdraw,
 Thy former Frowns have made me wise,
 To Fear, and stand in Awe.

V.

My restless Soul will ne'er give o'er,
 Until thy Bowels move;
 I'll not be driven from thy Door
 Till thou shalt say, I love.

XXVI. *For the Success of the Gospel; as the 100*
Psalm.

I.

When, Lord, shall Jew and Gentile raise
 Harmonious Consorts to thy Praise;
 The Joys of this united Quire
 Will tune our praising Voices higher.

II.

Broken with Grief, thy Watchmen call
 To God from *Salem's* broken Wall,
 Alas! The Dews of Grace distill,
 So thin on thirsty *Sion's* Hill.

III.

Thy Saints complain that they are few,
 Make Converts fall as Morning-Dew,
 Owning that *Jacob's* Tents are fair,
 Own *Pisgah* for the sweetest Air.

IV.

Our Watchmen, Lord, rejoyce to bless,
 Smile in a seven-fold Success;
 O may thy Gracious Kingdom come,
 And Souls as swift-wing'd Doves fly home.

V.

Now *Sion's* Poor shall all be fed,
 Here God supplies her Poor with Bread;

Then let the Saints disband all Strife,
Run Arm in Arm the Path of Life.

XXVII. *For a Soft Heart.*

I.

Among the *Jews* let every Tribe
Turn to their Ancient Lord,
All Glory to his Name ascribe,
With Joy receive his Word.
Let *Jew* and *Gentile* Worlds agree
Thy glorious Name to raise,
When they the Path to Heaven see,
They'll come with Songs of Praise.

II.

That the Lord would conquer those
That do resist his Hand;
O cause that all thy Churches Foes
May yield to thy Command.
Thy Churches, Lord, beyond the Seas
Are graven on our Hearts,
Shower down thy Grace on them and these,
Let neither lose their Parts.

III.

Let those that seek thee not, be found,
Whilst the Despisers fall,
And those that hear the Gospel Sound,
May answer to its Call.
Thy Saints complain that they are few,
They make too mean a Quire;
Let Converts fall like Morning Dew,
Thy Praise will rise the higher.

IV.

England give thy Gospel free
From a devised Dress,

And let thy Goodness which does shine
In H—*— ne'er be less.

Let those whom thou hast known of Old
Be quickly called Home,
Even all thy Sheep within this Fold,
Compel them, Lord, to come.

V.

Build up thine own, who wait till thou
Dost their Corruptions kill ;
Breathe on our Souls, advance our Grace,
Lord, higher, higher still.
Our Pastor, whom thou dost appoint
To keep our Vineyards, bless
With Saving-Grace thy sweetest Smiles,
And with a fair Success.

VI.

Of thy sweet Presence grant us more ;
Much more our Souls desire,
Until we sing on *Sion's Hill*,
With that Seraphick Quire.

XXVIII. *Another for a soft Heart.*

I.

THAT Heart is harder than a Stone
That rises up to play,
And ne'er with Sorrow thinks upon
The Sins of Yesterday,
The last Night's Failures well might make,
If they were duly scann'd,
Each Rock, each Sinner's Heart to ake,
For Saints are daily Tann'd.

II.

Ah, Lord ! Thou seest my frozen Heart,
How Little, Little Love !

owe thee All, scarce pay thee Part ;
Drop softness from Above.

III.

thou with-hold a little space,
With-hold not very long ;
Send down the melting Dews of Grace,
I'll send thee up a Song,

IV.

Make my Heart softer, softer still,
Me like thy Mourning Dove ;
Mourn, because I cannot Mourn,
But, Lord, thou know'st I Love :
Make my Heart softer, softer still,
That by thy Gracious Hand
deep impression may be made,
Even from the least Command.

XXIX. *Against Unbelief.*

I.

A Soul that burden'd with the weight
Of Sin that on him lies,
Must go to *Golgotha*, then ask,
For whom that Saviour dies ?
Surely, for Sinners, such as I,
That Precious Blood was spilt ;
Come, poor defiled Souls, O come,
And wash away your Guilt.

II.

When Jesus calls, shall Sinners fear ?
Tho' thou wast Satan's Slave,
The Saviour's Voice should ever cheer,
Whose Errand was to save :
Once appear'd to *Magdalen*,
When blinded with her Tears,

To lead on others to believe,
And cast away their Fears.

III.

My Sins are grown so high that they
Deserve a second Flood;
Behold the Deluge, Christ is come
To drown them in his Blood:
My Work is to believe on him,
By Faith his Blood apply;
When Faith takes out the fiery Sting,
The Sinner shall not die.

IV.

Lord, Satan says my Sins are high,
And spread before thy Face;
Vast Heights indeed, but what are these
Unto the Heights of Grace?

XXX. For Universal Obedience.

I.

LORD, thou hast planted me a Vine
In fertile Soil and Air,
Now tend and water me as thine,
Make me thy daily Care:
My Christ, I'm wholly thine, direct
My wandering in the Dark:
O may my constant Aims be strait,
Thine Honour be my Mark.

II.

I have observ'd thy Sacred Laws
To be exceeding wide,
Let me not from the least of them
Turn wilfully aside:
Lord, let thy Word and Spirit guide
Thy Servant in thy Way;

May I walk closely with my God,
And run no more astray.

III.

Shall *Simon* bear thy Cross alone,
And other Saints be free?
Each Saint of thine shall find his own,
And there is one for me :
Whene'er it falls unto my Lot,
Let it not drive me from
My God, let me be ne'er forgot
Till thou hast lov'd me home.

IV.

O happy Christians be not loth
To have a coarser Fare;
Saints that have had no Table-cloth
Had Christ at Dinner there ;
To do or suffer I am pleas'd,
So long as Christ stands by ;
Support me with thy constant Aid,
Lest all thy Graces die.

V.

Thy Way is to the Upright Strength ;
Lord, make it so to me,
That never tiring with the length,
My Soul may reach to thee.

XXXI. *The Sinner's Cry for Quickning Grace.*

I.

THE Spouse sought her Beloved One,
But sought him on her Bed ;
eldom such Seekers speed with God ;
Cold Prayers are counted dead,

II.

Thy Saints enjoy a lively Frame,
 Run cheerfully to God,
 Their Heav'nly Praises shew the same
 Whilst I'm a lifeless Clod.
 Ah, Lord, shall it be ever thus?
 Have I no Wings for thee?
 It grieves me to go bowed down,
 Whilst other Christians flee.

III.

None can remedy this but thou;
 Drop down the Oyl of Love,
 My Soul then like *Aminadab*,
 With swift Delight will move:
 O come to me with quick'ning Grace,
 Remove this drowsy Frame,
 Then shall the Fire of Love within
 Break out into a Flame.

IV.

Come, come to me, O come and set,
 My Soul upon the Wing;
 When I upon the Mountain get
 I'll praise my heav'nly King;
 No more delays, O come and blow,
 Stir up thy Grace begun;
 When thou dost breathe thy Spices flow,
 The Work goes kindly on.

XXXII. For Communion with God.

I.

A Las, my God, that we shou'd be
 Such Strangers to each other!
 O that as Friends we might agree,
 And walk, and talk together!

Thou know'st my Soul does dearly love
The Place of thine Abode ;
No Musick drops so sweet a Sound
As These Two Words, *My God.*

II.

I long not for the Fruit that grows
Within these Gardens here ;
I find no sweetness in their Rose
When Jesus is not near :
Thy gracious Presence, O my Christ,
Can make a Paradise ;
Ah what are all the goodly Pearls
Unto this Pearl of Price !

III.

May I taste that Communion, Lord,
Thy People have with thee ?
Thy Spirit daily talks with them,
O let it talk with me :
Like *Enoch*, let me walk with God,
And thus walk out my Day,
Attended with the Heav'nly Guards
Upon my King's Highway.

IV.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord ?
O come, my Lord most dear,
Come near, come nearer, nearer still ;
I'm well when thou art near :
When wilt thou come unto me Lord ?
I languish for thy Sight ;
Ten Thousand Suns, if thou art strange,
Are Shades instead of Light.

V.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord ?
For till thou dost appear,

I count each Moment for a Day,
 Each Minute for a Year :
 Come, Lord, and never from me go,
 This World's a darksome Place ;
 I find no Pleasure here below,
 When thou dost veil thy Face.

VI.

There's no such thing as Pleasure here,
 My Jesus is my All ;
 As thou dost shine, or disappear,
 My Pleasures rise or fall :
 Come spread thy Savour on my Frame,
 No Sweetness is so sweet ;
 'Till I get up to sing thy Name,
 Where all thy Singers meet.

XXXIII. *Departure.*

I.

I Had a Lord, but Ah he's gone,
 And left my troubled Soul alone :
 Him I pursue with begging Eyes ;
 Alas, he disregards my Cries.

II.

I bid my Sighs my Griefs declare,
 He counts my Sighs for empty Air ;
 So like a wither'd Flower I mourn,
 Nor can look up till he return.

III.

O thou lov'd Object of my Soul,
 Thou my Physician make me whole ;
 Those whom thy Absence makes to grieve,
 Thy Presence only can relieve.

IV. *Sure*

IV.

Sure Sin's the Cause, but tho' it be,
Thou pitiest Sinners, pity me;
Lord, I have read thy Blood was spilt
To wash away the Sinner's Guilt.

V.

If every Sin was Guilt of Blood,
And I mark'd out for Vengeance stood,
I'd run and to the Saviour kneel;
The Saviour knows what Sinners feel.

VI.

My pitying Friends would yield Content
To me thus lost in Banishment;
None but my Lord can ease my Pain,
All other Helpers help in vain.

XXXIV. *Lord's-Day; as Psalm 109.*

I.

THou spread'st a Weekly Table, Lord,
Where Souls may Banquet on thy Word;
Whilst Means in plenty we enjoy,
Let not our Souls be parch'd and dry.

II.

We wait here at *Bethesda's* Pool,
Those Waters which refresh and cool;
We wait whose Souls are scorch'd with Sin;
O come, dear Saviour help us in.

III.

Thy Power and thy Grace display,
Be thou amongst us on thy Day,
That Sinners may observe thy Call,
And numerous Converts to thee fall.

VI.

That those who do thy Footsteps trace,
May find all Sweetness in thy Grace;
O may they never more complain,
That they have sought their God in vain.

V.

Thy People at thy Footstool lie,
Behold us with a gracious Eye;
O let our Souls with Jesus meet,
Our Fellowship with him be sweet.

VI.

Among thy People here am I,
Lord, let me not be passed by;
May this poor Soul with Triumph say,
I've seen my dearest Lord to Day.

VII.

I sit within thy Temple Shade,
O let thy Presence make me glad;
Love me, my Lord, or else I die,
Thy love alone can satisfy.

XXXV. *Death of Saints.*

I.

MAn's Life's a Sigh, a Groan, a Cry,
Looks up, and then begins to die;
Death steals upon us whilst we're Green,
Behind us digs a Grave unseen.

II.

But Oh how free a Mercy's this,
That Death's a Portal into Bliss!
While yet the Body's scarce undrest,
The Soul is slipt into its Rest!

III.

III.

My Soul! Death swallows up thy Fears,
Thy Grave-cloaths dry off all thy Tears;
Why should we fear this parting Pain,
Who die that we may live again?

IV.

Who walk below in Light and Love,
Are sure to live with Christ above;
A Bosom Heaven will afford,
To those that live unto the Lord.

V.

O how the Resurrection Light,
Will clarify Believers Sight!
How joyful will the Saints arise,
And rub the Dust from off their Eyes;
My Soul, my Body I Will trust
With him who numbers every Dust;
My Saviour faithfully will keep
His own; and Death is but a Sleep.

✓ XXXVI. *Another.*

I.

Death steals upon us unawares,
And digs a Grave unseen,
Whilst we Dispute, are full of Cares,
What may be, what has been;
Shall I be bent on Vanity,
And Rottenness to trust,
Till Death shall lay his Hands on me,
And crumble me to Dust?

II.

What if my Sun should set at Noon?
If Death should call to Day,

Canst thou, my Soul go off so soon?
 Hast thou no Scores to pay?
 Behold my Sands, how quick they fall,
 How near I am my Goal;
 Let not my Body be undress'd,
 Till thou hast dress'd my Soul.

III.

That at the Trumpets sound I may
 Spring from my dusty Bed:
 Rejoycing at the Voice that calls,
 Arise, come forth, ye Dead.
 Lord, give me Patience if I lie
 Upon a Dying-Bed,
 O let my Saviour standing by,
 Support my weary Head.

IV.

Support my weak and tott'ring Faith
 Whilst dismal Fears annoy;
 My Jesus be my sweet Defence,
 My Jesus be my Joy.
 Blest Advocate do thou not fail
 At this time to appear,
 O let my shaken Faith prevail,
 My Evidence be Clear.

V.

My Soul in thy sweet Hands I trust,
 Now can I sweetly sleep.
 My Body falling to the Dust.
 I leave with thee to keep.

~~XXXVII.~~ Psalm 63. 8. *My Soul follows hard after thee.*

I.

MY God, my God, my Light my Love,
 Mine All in All to me,

Wilt thou a gracious Father prove
To Souls that hang on thee :

II.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
For thee I thirst alone ;
The sweetest Waters upon Earth,
My Soul accounts as none.

III.

My God, &c.
Mine onely, onely Friend,
I seek, I long, I look for thee,
Why wilt thou not attend?

IV.

My God, &c.
O whither art thou gone ?
Either be near unto me here,
Or lift me to thy Throne.

V.

My God, &c.
Canst thou that Soul forsake,
That follows thee with restless Cries,
Longing to overtake ?

VI.

My God, &c.
Thy Child intreats thy Stay,
Father, shall not thy Bowels move ?
O turn, and look this way.

VII.

My God, &c.
Come, come, with me abide ;
Rejoyce me with thy Presence, Lord,
I know no Joy beside:

VIII.

My God, &c.

Hear thou my mournful Cry :
He hears, he hears me from above,
He will not see me die.

Psalm 86. Done by Mr. J. M.

I.

Hear, hear me, LORD, for I am Poor,
And seek Salvation at thy Door ;
Bow down thy gentle Ear to me,
Who am oppress'd with Misery.

II.

Save me, my God, for I am thine,
Thy Touch hath made my Heart Divine ;
Save me, my God, to whom I flee,
Who have none other Gods but thee.

III.

Let Mercy come from God on High,
The Object of my daily Cry ;
I daily knock, I daily wait
For Mercy's Alms, at Mercy's Gate.

IV.

God of all Comfort, Give a Dole
Of Comfort to thy Servant's Soul :
For this my Soul doth bend her Knee,
And stretch her craving Hands to thee.

V.

Thou, Lord, art Good, and thou dost stand
With sealed Pardons in thy Hand ;
Oh how the Dews of Mercy fall,
And answer at thy Peoples Call !

VI.

ne'er was writ, here lyeth One
Lay'd at the Foot of Mercy's Throne;
Lord, hearken to my humble Cries,
And let them sound above the Skies.

PART II.

I.

Have a God, to whom I may
Resort with Freedom any Day;
I'll seek him when I am in Pain,
And sure to hear from him again.

II.

And when my Soul shall understand
The Comfort of his Curing Hand,
Then shall I sing, O happy Rod,
That brought me nearer to my God.

III.

What are those Gods whom Folly feigns,
Whose Creatures of distemper'd Brains?
What are those Dunghill Gods before
The Mighty God whom I adore?

IV.

King of Nations, Lord of All,
Before thee shall all Nations fall,
And every Language shall confess
Thy glorious Everlastingness.

V.

For thou art Great beyond Compare,
Thy Works amazing Wonders are;
God alone all Glory be,
There is none other God but He.

VI.

Lord, guide me in thy secret Way,
With such a Guide I shall not stray;
Bring me into an Heavenly Frame,
Unite my Heart to fear thy Name.

VII.

My Lord, my God, my Heart shall Praise
And Glorify thee all my Days;
Thy Mercy to me doth excel,
I am a Brand snatch'd out of Hell.

PART III.

I.

THE Sons of Pride against me rise,
Fierce Atheists are mine Enemies;
They fear not God, they love not me,
My Comfort is their Misery.

II.

They mark me for their common Foe,
And joyntly Plot my Overthrow;
But thou, my Lord, dost take my Part,
Thou, Lord, a God of Bowels art.

III.

Thou art most swift to Acts of Grace,
But unto Wrath of slowest Pace;
Thy Mercy and thy Truth abound,
This is Faith's everlasting Ground.

IV.

Whilst God is Merciful and True,
I am both Safe and Happy too;
I cannot fall, who lean upon
The Pillars of the highest Throne.

V.

O leave me not, who follow Thee,
Let Mercy look on Misery ;
Save, Lord, for thee I do adore,
As did my Mother heretofore.

VI.

Save, Lord, one Born within thy House,
A Child of Prayers, and Tears, and Vows;
Mine Eyes expect some happy Sign,
To tell my Soul that thou art mine.

VII.

Me with Salvations Walls inclose,
To the Confusion of my Foes,
That they with blushing may confess,
We cannot Curse whom God doth Bless;

VIII.

We cannot catch, whom God will have ;
We cannot hurt, whom God will save ;
We cannot touch his smallest Limb ;
We Curse ourselves, in Cursing him.

FINIS.

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